

The problems of being Irish, by Denis Donoghue	291
Tellers of tales, by Thomas Kilroy	301
Plays peasant and unpeasant, by Brian Friel	305
The living Gaelic, by Máire Cruise O'Brien	309
Order in Donnybrook Fair, by John Montague	313
The heirs of Saint Columba, by Liam Miller	315

Cover design by Berthold Wolpe

Poems by Seamus Heaney, Thomas Kinsella, John Montague, Paul Muldoon, Richard Murphy, Richard Ryan	314
Urban guerrillas and Vietnam	293
Delius, Berlioz, Memling	294
New novels	295
G. R. Elton's 'Policy and Police'	296
The Ulster Troubles	297-298
Letters on The State of English, The Abuses of Literacy, Mervyn Peake, Dryden's Juvenal	
Jean Piaget's 'Biology and Knowledge'	299
The Victorian Russells	300
Rudolf Carnap	303
Richard Ellmann on 'Ulysses'	310
Yeats as poet and playwright	311
	306

The problems of being Irish

BY DENIS DONOGHUE

THE FIFTH CHAPTER of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Stephen Dedalus, late for French class at University College, moves with the Dean of Studies, Mr. Darlington. The topics include the art of lighting a fire, the emission of beauty, Pictet's lamp, the currency of the word "tund" in Lower Drumcondra. The Dean seemed to Stephen "a humble flower in the wake of clamorous passions, a poor Englishman in Ireland". But Stephen felt "with a sort of dejection", Joyce reports, that the man to whom he was speaking was a countryman of Ben Jonson. A few pages earlier, passing a music dealer's shop beyond the office, Stephen had repeated Jonson's line: "I was not wearier where I am". Now he ponders the question of the English Dean:

The language in which we are speaking is not mine. How different from the words home, Christ, ah, master, which I heard on mine! I cannot speak these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an impediment to speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language.

The Dean takes up the distinction between the sublime and the beautiful, but Stephen turns away in silence.

I have recalled this episode from *A Portrait* because it marks one of the fundamental circumstances of modern Irish literature: the writer is Irish, but he writes in English, a language at once "so familiar and so foreign". I believe that many Irish writers who write in English have a bad conscience in doing so, even though they have spent their entire lives among English words. Stephen Dedalus is my name, Ireland is my nation; but he does not speak Irish, and said it is. In Ireland, language is a political fact. Those who speak Irish speak

English with the intonation of guilt; they cannot be completely at ease with their acquired speech. Something of this restlessness has produced the irritable syntax of Stephen's mind, the torsion of "his" and "mine", England and Ireland. The Irish writer knows that even if he does not speak Irish, the language remains an old debt, never settled, and he cannot absolve himself of the responsibility.

There are moments in which he acknowledges that he should not have let his language go. Like Stephen, the Irish writer speaks and writes in English, but with resentment, fretful in its shadow. Indeed, it could be argued that Joyce, holding English words at bay, preserved his artistic soul by listening to several languages. When he left Dublin, he went to Paris, Trieste, Zurich, but not to London or New York: at least he did not consort with the enemy. He was not to be found, like Yeats, in the writing room of a London club.

But Yeats attended in his own way to the complex fate of being an Irishman. An Irishman was not merely an Englishman with a difference. In "Literature and the Living Voice" Yeats described the general characteristics of Irish culture, and spoke of restoring "a way of life in which the common man has some share in imaginative art". He continued:

Irish poetry and Irish stories were made to be spoken or sung, while English literature, alone of great literatures because the newest of them all, has all but completely shaped itself in the printing-press. In Ireland today the old world that sang and listened is, it may be for the last time in Europe, face to face with the world that reads and writes, and their antagonism is always present under some name or

other in Irish imagination and intellect.

To Yeats, reading or writing a book was a specialized activity, always pursued at some cost. "When a man takes a book into the corner, he surrenders so much life for his knowledge, so much. I mean, of that normal activity that gives him life and strength." Yeats never doubted that the imaginative life of Ireland was oral, dedicated to speech, and that the literature of print was an alien possession. When he spoke of this theme he made the kind of distinction which Walter Benjamin made, in a classic essay on Nikolai Leskov, between the novel and the story.

The novel is the work of an isolated writer in league with a printing-press: it turns toward the middle-class reader and offers him minute psychological analysis. The story comes from oral tradition and returns to that source: it is concerned with experience passed on from mouth to mouth, and intelligence that comes from afar. The context of story is natural history, its art is memory, its aim is wisdom, which Benjamin calls the epic side of truth, its procedures are formulaic and proverbial.

Translating this theme into Irish terms, one says that the place of Irish fiction is the small community, the nearly deserted village, the storyteller and his audience are peasants, the theme is life in the shadow of death. Irish fiction is a tale of peasants, landlords, and gods. Yeats thought, for a time, that "the old imaginative life" might be stirred to more life, and that this was the work of the Gaelic movement in one way, the Celtic Renaissance writers in another. The Abbey Thea-

tre was founded on speech and story.

The antagonism which Yeats mentioned in "Literature and the Living Voice" is clear in his own response to Joyce. He thought Joyce a print-man, a city-man insensitive to rural ways, a novelist rather than a storyteller or chronicler, Dublin's psychologist. In an essay on Berkeley, he associated Joyce with the "new naturalism that leaves man helpless before the contents of his own mind".

One thinks of Joyce's *Anna Livia Plurabelle*. Pound's *Cantos*, works of an heroic sincerity, the man, his active faculties in suspense, one finger beating time to a bell sounding and echoing in the depths of his own mind.

Ostensibly, it is a philosophical question, a question of aesthetics; but the particular case of Joyce is grounded, I believe, on Yeats's hostility to the urban culture of print and isolation. The hostility touched Joyce in one way, George Moore in another. Moore, "more mob than man", had published *A Munster's Wife*, "the first realistic novel in the language", Yeats called it.

The first novel where every incident was there not because the author thought it beautiful, exciting or amusing, but because certain people who were neither beautiful, exciting, nor amusing must have acted in that way.

Imagination, chief of the active faculties, was obviously in suspense. It is customary to say that there are two traditions in Ireland. I do not repudiate the custom, provided it is clear which binary opposition we have in mind. If we are thinking of the contemporary situation, in political terms, it is proper to speak of Nationalists and Unionists. Nationalists hope to see Ireland united, the entire island; thirty-two counties; and they differ among

themselves only on the crucial question of the means toward the agreed end. Some Nationalists insist on having the country united immediately, by whatever means; others are willing to wait, such is their concern for peace. Unionists are determined, in one degree or another, that Northern Ireland will remain distinct from the rest of the country, that their loyalty to the English Crown is indelible. Nationalists are not in every case Catholics, nor are Unionists in every case Protestants. But in any event this opposition of Nationalist and Unionist has had very little to do with Irish literature—not yet, anyway. Readers of Irish literature are aware of its bearing upon two traditions, but they do not identify these as Nationalist and Unionist.

In literature, the first tradition is Gaelic, and for the most part it is Catholic. According to this tradition, Joyce may have been a bad Catholic but he was a good Irishman; he held one of the great Irish names, his blood was pure Irish. An Irishman in this definition would speak Irish or at least he would recall the fact that his ancestors spoke Irish. He might be a farmer or, in a small town, a shopkeeper. If he made his way to Ireland's one city, he would be the kind of person studied in Joyce's *Dubliners*. In this literary context the second tradition is Anglo-Irish, "no petty people", as Yeats described its members, in a famous Senate speech in 1925, when he identified himself with his peers:

We are one of the great stocks of Europe. We are the people of Burke; we are the people of Grattan; we are the people of Swift, the people of Emmet, the people of Parnell. We have created the most of the modern literature of this country. We have created the best of its political intelligence.

It was a strident speech, perhaps, but it was directly in line with Yeats's claim, in 1914, to the pos-

side of "blood that has not passed through any hickory's loam". Members of the Anglo-Irish tradition do not appeal to the English Crown. They are Protestants, but they appeal to the moral and intellectual authority of their own kind, and they declare that kind to be Irish, no matter which side they took at the Battle of the Boyne.

A *Boyer* or an *Armstrong* that would be the backwash of the Boyne James and his Irish when the Dutchman crossed.

At one time Yeats thought it reasonable as well as beautiful to establish a liaison of feeling between such men and the peasants who served them. One of his favourite relationships was that of master and servant, and he often claimed that he would have been satisfied to play either of these roles. In his Platonic form of Ireland, peasant and landlord join in pride to crush the puny bourgeoisie, the gashmen-men "fumbling in a greasy till".

It has not happened. The Anglo-Irish aristocracy have lost most of their land and all their power. In that condition, they are the objects of nearly universal affection, welcomed as an adornment, a button-hole in Ireland's lapel. No charitable committee is deemed complete without a lord or two. But peasants have long forgotten how to stand aside, cap in hand, while their masters pass. But the peasants, too, are a dying breed, and those who remain have lost much of their identity. Many of them have learned the ways of all flesh and the diverse arts by which money is made. The Catholic Church is no longer the greatest power in the land; the priest's word is not law in his parish. Yeats told his fellow Senators in 1925 that Northern Ireland would not give up "any liberty which she already possesses under her constitution".

If you show that this country, Southern Ireland, is going to be governed by Catholic ideas and by Catholic ideas alone, you will never get the North. You will create an impassable barrier between South and North, and you will pass more and more Catholic

laws, while the North will gradually assimilate its divorce and other laws to those of England. The validity of this argument is now widely acknowledged in the South. Our Prime Minister, Mr. Lynch, has offered to alter any provisions in the constitution of 1937 which may be considered obstacles to national unity. A revised constitution would recognize the diversity of our traditions, it would be a plural document and—on short—a secular document. There are some people in the South who think that such a revision, for such a reason, would be worthless, it would have no influence on Unionist sentiment. Certainly, I find it hard to believe that a Northern Unionist would forsake Queen and Country if the South undertook to allow him, in return, free access to contraception.

But a revised constitution, undertaken for whatever reason, would still be significant in marking the secular direction which the South has taken, especially in the past four or five years. I have touched upon these matters mainly to suggest a context for the essays which follow and for the literature to which they refer. Irish literature is a story of fracture: the death of one language, so far as it is antiquity, and the victory of another; the broken relation of one religion to another, both claiming to be Christian; the divergence of one Irishman from another. It is possible that these fractures may be good for literature, if bad for other purposes. I have indicated, briefly and perhaps bluntly, that Ireland is changing, and that the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

change makes a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church as well as a chapter in the history of Ireland. Perhaps it is premature to say much more—except to remark that an Irish writer might find the situation rich in artistic possibilities, even if he found it distressing in other respects. Allen Tate has described, in his essay on Emily Dickinson, a situation shortly before 1850 when the Puritan ideal, New England theocracy, had come to an end: "A great idea was breaking up, and society was moving towards external uniformity, which is usually the measure of the spiritual sterility inside." I have read Mr Tate's essay at least five times in as many years, and each time with a terrible feeling that he is writing not of his country in 1850 but of my country now. He has little good to report of the

The new tacticians of terrorism

ROBERT MOSS:
Urban Guerrillas
The New Face of Political Violence
Tempo Smith, £2.75.

It is unlikely that many people in Ireland have much occasion now for serious reading. The solution has scarcely enough time to be a mass of anxious instructions which circumscribe their most advanced by Frantz Fanon and seized upon by some of his less profound disciples: that violence, so far from being evil, is a powerful and beneficent force capable of "liberating the personality".

After quoting Fanon's statement that violence "frees the native from his inferiority complex and from his despair and inaction; it makes him fearless and restores his self-respect", and the grotesquely superficial judgment of John Gervasi that street fighting is "achieving selfhood, independence and the feeling that one is a man, taking pride in oneself and one's comrades", Mr Moss points out with proper severity that both Fanon and Mr Gervasi have entirely failed to look beyond their storm-troop fantasies to the reality of a society which is being progressively corrupted by the systematic use of violence for political ends: ends which, incidentally,

The rising of the National Liberation Front

FREY RACE:
It Comes to Long An
University of California Press

Mr Race's "prior academic training in political science proved the greatest obstacle to understanding" his findings. One can sympathize: much of the material must have been hard to reconcile with the prevailing professional doctrine: politics determined by blind social forces rather than the will of power-seekers. His ex-NLF informants (imbued with the saying "No Party, no revolution") told a tale of calculated pursuit of power by a party firmly controlling events behind all the "fronts", "cut-outs", and sim-

ilar deceptions under which it hid its hand—hid it, one of them stresses, from international public opinion. The Vietnamese soldiers who were regrouped to the North after the Geneva Agreement of 1954 carried with them only old weapons as they went through the International Control Commission's checks, and left the newer ones to be hidden by comrades who stayed "to develop political and military forces to take advantage of any situation to gain power in the South—if by general elections, fine, but if not, then by whatever means were necessary".

In similar vein, another of the cadres confirms the long-standing suspicion of sceptics that "spontaneous uprisings" in 1960 were deliberately scattered in order to throw the outside world off the scent. There had been voices in the party before that time demanding recourse to arms, because so many comrades were being identified by the authorities; but such demands were scorned as the same "infantilism

ers, interviewed those who would cooperate, compared their versions with the captured documents and extracts from communist publications which USIS distributes from Saigon, and on that basis built up a parallel account of the growth of NLF strength and the dwindling of the government's. He has conscientiously deposited the documents he collected with the Center for Research Libraries at Chicago as a source for future historians.

Mr Race's "prior academic training in political science proved the greatest obstacle to understanding" his findings. One can sympathize: much of the material must have been hard to reconcile with the prevailing professional doctrine: politics determined by blind social forces rather than the will of power-seekers. His ex-NLF informants (imbued with the saying "No Party, no revolution") told a tale of calculated pursuit of power by a party firmly controlling events behind all the "fronts", "cut-outs", and sim-

ilar deceptions under which it hid its hand—hid it, one of them stresses, from international public opinion. The Vietnamese soldiers who were regrouped to the North after the Geneva Agreement of 1954 carried with them only old weapons as they went through the International Control Commission's checks, and left the newer ones to be hidden by comrades who stayed "to develop political and military forces to take advantage of any situation to gain power in the South—if by general elections, fine, but if not, then by whatever means were necessary".

In similar vein, another of the cadres confirms the long-standing suspicion of sceptics that "spontaneous uprisings" in 1960 were deliberately scattered in order to throw the outside world off the scent. There had been voices in the party before that time demanding recourse to arms, because so many comrades were being identified by the authorities; but such demands were scorned as the same "infantilism

ers, interviewed those who would cooperate, compared their versions with the captured documents and extracts from communist publications which USIS distributes from Saigon, and on that basis built up a parallel account of the growth of NLF strength and the dwindling of the government's. He has conscientiously deposited the documents he collected with the Center for Research Libraries at Chicago as a source for future historians.

Mr Race's "prior academic training in political science proved the greatest obstacle to understanding" his findings. One can sympathize: much of the material must have been hard to reconcile with the prevailing professional doctrine: politics determined by blind social forces rather than the will of power-seekers. His ex-NLF informants (imbued with the saying "No Party, no revolution") told a tale of calculated pursuit of power by a party firmly controlling events behind all the "fronts", "cut-outs", and sim-

In similar vein, another of the cadres confirms the long-standing suspicion of sceptics that "spontaneous uprisings" in 1960 were deliberately scattered in order to throw the outside world off the scent. There had been voices in the party before that time demanding recourse to arms, because so many comrades were being identified by the authorities; but such demands were scorned as the same "infantilism

ers, interviewed those who would cooperate, compared their versions with the captured documents and extracts from communist publications which USIS distributes from Saigon, and on that basis built up a parallel account of the growth of NLF strength and the dwindling of the government's. He has conscientiously deposited the documents he collected with the Center for Research Libraries at Chicago as a source for future historians.

Mr Race's "prior academic training in political science proved the greatest obstacle to understanding" his findings. One can sympathize: much of the material must have been hard to reconcile with the prevailing professional doctrine: politics determined by blind social forces rather than the will of power-seekers. His ex-NLF informants (imbued with the saying "No Party, no revolution") told a tale of calculated pursuit of power by a party firmly controlling events behind all the "fronts", "cut-outs", and sim-

mean little or nothing to many of the emotionally-crippled social rejects who are attracted by the violence itself. It is the kind of corruption that breeds the mindless hysteria of much of the New Revolutionaries' attempts to "communicate". Mr Moss quotes a passage from a description of revolutionary art in the party newspaper of the Black Panthers—a morose catalogue of presumably cathartic obscenity ending with an exhortation to those of the faithful whose accomplishments lie in the direction of the pictorial: "We must draw pictures of Southern cracker barons and glamorous freedom fighters, when they were, in fact, a fairly inefficient rabble whose favourite target was a woman with a shopping basket and whose idea of an ambush was to fire at a military convoy in the mountains from a prudent distance of about half a mile, with weapons whose maximum range was 300 yards. The main reason for their survival was that the British security forces were, rightly, inhibited from taking the kind of decisive countermeasures with which less scrupulous governments would have stamped out their threat overnight."

If there is a criticism of Mr Moss's account, it is that he seems to have been overimpressed with General Gervasi's own picture of Euba. He seems to suggest that they were a closely-knit band of brave and glamorous freedom fighters, when they were, in fact, a fairly inefficient rabble whose favourite target was a woman with a shopping basket and whose idea of an ambush was to fire at a military convoy in the mountains from a prudent distance of about half a mile, with weapons whose maximum range was 300 yards. The main reason for their survival was that the British security forces were, rightly, inhibited from taking the kind of decisive countermeasures with which less scrupulous governments would have stamped out their threat overnight."

This, as Mr Moss points out, was not so in Algeria where the French parachutists under General Massu

smashed the FLN organization in two months. He built up an effective intelligence network—and got his information by the systematic use of torture. He enforced the principle of collective responsibility in Algeria by the *hot* method of making individual inhabitants responsible for the good behaviour not only of their own families, but of whole streets and neighbourhoods.

Arguments about the reaction of the established order to attempts to destroy it by violence are too often oversimplified. On the one hand there is the trendy *New Statesman* doctrine that the real violence lies in official, judicial violence against dissenters. (In this dream world the violent propaganda and indiscriminate savagery of the terrorist is referred to as the "spontaneous extravert action and speech" of the common people.) On the other hand there is Mr Trudeau's brutally contemptuous: "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is go on and bleed..."

The solution to the problems of violence in society will not be found in either of these visceral and simplistic approaches. It will be found only by a long and painful effort of understanding. Mr Moss's book is a notable contribution to the process.

smashed the FLN organization in two months. He built up an effective intelligence network—and got his information by the systematic use of torture. He enforced the principle of collective responsibility in Algeria by the *hot* method of making individual inhabitants responsible for the good behaviour not only of their own families, but of whole streets and neighbourhoods.

Arguments about the reaction of the established order to attempts to destroy it by violence are too often oversimplified. On the one hand there is the trendy *New Statesman* doctrine that the real violence lies in official, judicial violence against dissenters. (In this dream world the violent propaganda and indiscriminate savagery of the terrorist is referred to as the "spontaneous extravert action and speech" of the common people.) On the other hand there is Mr Trudeau's brutally contemptuous: "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is go on and bleed..."

The solution to the problems of violence in society will not be found in either of these visceral and simplistic approaches. It will be found only by a long and painful effort of understanding. Mr Moss's book is a notable contribution to the process.

smashed the FLN organization in two months. He built up an effective intelligence network—and got his information by the systematic use of torture. He enforced the principle of collective responsibility in Algeria by the *hot* method of making individual inhabitants responsible for the good behaviour not only of their own families, but of whole streets and neighbourhoods.

Arguments about the reaction of the established order to attempts to destroy it by violence are too often oversimplified. On the one hand there is the trendy *New Statesman* doctrine that the real violence lies in official, judicial violence against dissenters. (In this dream world the violent propaganda and indiscriminate savagery of the terrorist is referred to as the "spontaneous extravert action and speech" of the common people.) On the other hand there is Mr Trudeau's brutally contemptuous: "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is go on and bleed..."

The solution to the problems of violence in society will not be found in either of these visceral and simplistic approaches. It will be found only by a long and painful effort of understanding. Mr Moss's book is a notable contribution to the process.

smashed the FLN organization in two months. He built up an effective intelligence network—and got his information by the systematic use of torture. He enforced the principle of collective responsibility in Algeria by the *hot* method of making individual inhabitants responsible for the good behaviour not only of their own families, but of whole streets and neighbourhoods.

Arguments about the reaction of the established order to attempts to destroy it by violence are too often oversimplified. On the one hand there is the trendy *New Statesman* doctrine that the real violence lies in official, judicial violence against dissenters. (In this dream world the violent propaganda and indiscriminate savagery of the terrorist is referred to as the "spontaneous extravert action and speech" of the common people.) On the other hand there is Mr Trudeau's brutally contemptuous: "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is go on and bleed..."

The solution to the problems of violence in society will not be found in either of these visceral and simplistic approaches. It will be found only by a long and painful effort of understanding. Mr Moss's book is a notable contribution to the process.

smashed the FLN organization in two months. He built up an effective intelligence network—and got his information by the systematic use of torture. He enforced the principle of collective responsibility in Algeria by the *hot* method of making individual inhabitants responsible for the good behaviour not only of their own families, but of whole streets and neighbourhoods.

Arguments about the reaction of the established order to attempts to destroy it by violence are too often oversimplified. On the one hand there is the trendy *New Statesman* doctrine that the real violence lies in official, judicial violence against dissenters. (In this dream world the violent propaganda and indiscriminate savagery of the terrorist is referred to as the "spontaneous extravert action and speech" of the common people.) On the other hand there is Mr Trudeau's brutally contemptuous: "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is go on and bleed..."

The solution to the problems of violence in society will not be found in either of these visceral and simplistic approaches. It will be found only by a long and painful effort of understanding. Mr Moss's book is a notable contribution to the process.

smashed the FLN organization in two months. He built up an effective intelligence network—and got his information by the systematic use of torture. He enforced the principle of collective responsibility in Algeria by the *hot* method of making individual inhabitants responsible for the good behaviour not only of their own families, but of whole streets and neighbourhoods.

Arguments about the reaction of the established order to attempts to destroy it by violence are too often oversimplified. On the one hand there is the trendy *New Statesman* doctrine that the real violence lies in official, judicial violence against dissenters. (In this dream world the violent propaganda and indiscriminate savagery of the terrorist is referred to as the "spontaneous extravert action and speech" of the common people.) On the other hand there is Mr Trudeau's brutally contemptuous: "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is go on and bleed..."

The solution to the problems of violence in society will not be found in either of these visceral and simplistic approaches. It will be found only by a long and painful effort of understanding. Mr Moss's book is a notable contribution to the process.

smashed the FLN organization in two months. He built up an effective intelligence network—and got his information by the systematic use of torture. He enforced the principle of collective responsibility in Algeria by the *hot* method of making individual inhabitants responsible for the good behaviour not only of their own families, but of whole streets and neighbourhoods.

Books from overseas

The Works of Samuel de Champlain

In Six Volumes
Edited by H. P. Bigger

"The Works of Samuel de Champlain", the very foundation of Canadian history, have long been out of print. This first reprint is a facsimile of the limited edition published by the Champlain Society between 1922 and 1936 and contains the definitive French text and the parallel English translation. Portfolio maps, plates. £95 Toronto

Letters to Molly

John Millington Synge to Maire O'Neill 1906-1909

Edited by Ann Saddlemyer

Synge destroyed all Molly's letters before he died, but his own survive, though few have been published before. They form a primary source for the study of Synge and the Irish theatre movement in general, with extensive information about Abbey Theatre business. Frontispiece: 1 map 11 photographs 2 text figures £5.25 Harvard

John Greenleaf Whittier's Poetry

An Appraisal and a Selection
Edited by Robert Penn Warren

The editor offers a substantial new appraisal of Whittier's work along with his selection of thirty-six of Whittier's poems ranging in date from 1843 to 1887. £4.25 paper covers £1.40 Minnesota

Between Actor and Critic

Selected Letters of Edwin Booth and William Winter

Edited by Daniel J. Watermeier

This volume of 125 letters, all fully annotated, contributes significantly to an understanding of Booth's career and personality from 1869 to 1890. 12 pages of photographs. £4.75 Princeton

Origins of the Chinese Revolution 1915-1949

Lucien Bianco

Translated by Muriel Bell

Widely acclaimed in its original French edition as the best introduction to Chinese Communism ever published, this book focuses on the dynamic social forces underlying the Chinese Communists' rise to power in three decades. £3.50 Stanford

Romance and Realism

A Study in English Bourgeois Literature

Christopher Caudwell

Edited by Samuel Hynes

Caudwell's book is a short but comprehensive Marxist interpretation of English literature from Shakespeare to Spenser, brilliant in its observations. £2.90 Princeton

The Ordering of the Arts in Eighteenth-Century England

Lawrence Lipking

Here is a rich and comprehensive analysis of eighteenth-century English writings on literature, music, and painting. Frontispiece. 7 illustrations £6 Princeton

New England Dissent 1630-1833

The Baptists and the Separation of Church and State

William G. McLoughlin

These two volumes provide a detailed historical study of the development of America's unique tradition of separation of church and state as it evolved in New England. £16.50 Harvard

The Tatler

The Making of a Literary Journal

Richmond P. Bond

This is the only full-length study of the first great literary periodical in England. Its social substance and humanistic content are examined and related to such recurrent themes as reform and devotion to the "Middle Way". Frontispiece £2.60 Harvard

Frederic William Maitland

A Life

C. H. S. Fifoot

Frederic William Maitland (1850-1906) advanced the cause of legal history, opposing the idea that legal history was law rather than history. Mr Fifoot traces the origin and development of Maitland's works. Frontispiece £4.75 Harvard

The Papers of Woodrow Wilson

Volume 9 1894-1896

Edited by Arthur S. Link

The period covered in this volume reveals Wilson reaching the height of his powers as a teacher, a public lecturer, and a writer. 15 text illustrations £7.25 Princeton

JONATHAN CAPE

MARCH BOOKS

Odd Girl Out Elizabeth Jane Howard

The story of a rich, beautiful and emotionally deprived girl searching for love among the wreckage of other people's marriages. £1.95

A Friend of Kafka Isaac Bashevis Singer

His fifth book of stories set both in the Old and the New world. £2.25

The Ruined Map Kobo Abe

Chosen by the New York Times as one of the best six novels of 1969. Translated from the Japanese by E. Dale Saunders. £1.95

Beyond Freedom and Dignity B. F. Skinner

"If you plan to read only one book this year, this is probably the one you should choose." NEW YORK TIMES. £2.25

The Utopian Vision of Charles Fourier

The first new selection in translation for seventy years from the work of the 19th century thinker. Translated, edited and with an Introduction by Jonathan Beecher and Richard Biverne. £3.95

Celebrations William Plomer

Selected by the Poetry Book Society as their spring choice. £1.00

The Changing Room David Storey

A play of profound resonance. Daily Telegraph. £1.50

Around the World in 80 Days John Burningham

96 pages of full colour illustrations record the journey made by John Burningham, twice winner of the Kate Greenaway Medal, to celebrate the centenary of Jules Verne's classic. £1.95

Orlando and the Water-Cats Kathleen Hale

The first new adventure of the marmalade cat to be published in the new and larger format. £1.25

A Snake in the Old Hut Sylvia Sherry

Set in Kenya, her new book is the story of a young goatherd and his outlaw uncle. £1.10

Delius delayed

ALAN JEFFERSON:

Delius
179pp plus 8 plates. Dent. £2.25.

Since little of the British music beloved by British audiences enters an international repertoire, we understand why Delius joins the "Master Musicians" series thirty-five years later than his exact contemporary, Debussy; but why is he enrolled so much later than men who shared the insular handicap - his junior, Vaughan Williams, and his near-contemporary, Elgar? Not because the whirligig of taste may turn against an artist for some twenty-five years. It is true that Elgar recovered public favour sooner than Delius after his deaths in 1934, and that less of Delius than of Elgar can be performed with normal forces, rehearsal and expense; but some half dozen of Delius's very best works needed no recovery - some were even recorded during that critical period. Moreover Delius continued to elicit enough writing to remind us that his music did not merely gratify voluptuaries; it fascinated connoisseurs.

The delay of this *Delius* is attributable less to differing assessments of the composer than to incomplete records of the man. Alan Jefferson

should be congratulated for finishing, and finishing well, an exacting task. His acknowledgments put a screen of modesty over labour and patience, *experto crede*, for you cannot believe that some of Delius's relatives and acquaintances suddenly found themselves able and willing to make their statements concur or to fill gaps left by previous writers. (Have we heard the last of the story that Delius was the son of a German prince?)

Then have six full English studies of Delius, as well as many shorter biographical contributions, been by romancers? No: Delius's travels and adventures are worthy of a peripatetic novel, but his biographers have sought truth - a word to which only the naïve fail to add Gillie Potter's "as it occurs to me now at Hogshead". Paradoxically there is greater need of the precaution when examining eye-witnesses than when judging historians. It was to Mr Jefferson's advantage that he could not, like the others, use Eric Fenby's title, *Delius as I knew him*. They did not suppress information but were too near their subject to know when information ran thin and might be probed.

Thus three authors tell us that Delius "had a considerable following in Germany" before England wanted

his music. Mr Jefferson supplies evidence that north Germany played his work more and more often up to 1914, and that an avant-garde thought him likely to eclipse Strauss, with whom they were getting dissatisfied. We learn that the war deprived him of large royalties from and investments in Germany, and several hitherto unanswered questions are allayed by Mr Jefferson's details about both Fred's and Telka's finances, which were often precarious. How sketchy until now was our view of the important time when Delius was based in Paris but gradually weaned himself from that city. Even without the interesting appendix "Why Grez?" the author (far better than any of Delius's personal friends) enables us to envisage the details of the house and estate at Grez-sur-Loing, and it is no disparagement to Mr Fenby to find that a factual and medical chronicle pierces more acutely than previous writing into our imagination of the intense suffering suffered when mind and senses remained alert though allied with a stricken body. This is the most useful biography of Delius that has yet been published.

The book is less useful as a guide to Delius's works, commentary upon some of which (including music examples) swells the biographical chapters, leaving more to be discussed in

a perceptive chapter entitled "Delius's Craft"; but several important points are made. One would not be surprised if one found only one or two of the actual music of 411. These are Delius's most important works and surely readers expect an explanation of the selection. *Opus 41*, *Opus 42*, *Opus 43*, *Opus 44*, *Opus 45*, *Opus 46*, *Opus 47*, *Opus 48*, *Opus 49*, *Opus 50*, *Opus 51*, *Opus 52*, *Opus 53*, *Opus 54*, *Opus 55*, *Opus 56*, *Opus 57*, *Opus 58*, *Opus 59*, *Opus 60*, *Opus 61*, *Opus 62*, *Opus 63*, *Opus 64*, *Opus 65*, *Opus 66*, *Opus 67*, *Opus 68*, *Opus 69*, *Opus 70*, *Opus 71*, *Opus 72*, *Opus 73*, *Opus 74*, *Opus 75*, *Opus 76*, *Opus 77*, *Opus 78*, *Opus 79*, *Opus 80*, *Opus 81*, *Opus 82*, *Opus 83*, *Opus 84*, *Opus 85*, *Opus 86*, *Opus 87*, *Opus 88*, *Opus 89*, *Opus 90*, *Opus 91*, *Opus 92*, *Opus 93*, *Opus 94*, *Opus 95*, *Opus 96*, *Opus 97*, *Opus 98*, *Opus 99*, *Opus 100*.

These snippets are elicited by thought that other books in this series so that music lovers need not have a reference work either on the life or the works of the composer. Obviously Mr Jefferson is qualified to do justice to the music without floundering in the technical details of procedures which are obscure to any but the deaf and one who is confident will be amplified. Even so, this first edition is worthy of its inclusion in a well-admired series.

Memling restored

K. B. McFARLANE:

Memling
Edited by Edgar Wind with G. L. Harris.
74pp plus 153 plates. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6.

In 1948 it was discovered that Sir John Donne of Kidwelly, whose portrait appears on the Donne Triptych of Memling, was not killed at the Battle of Edgecote in 1469 as had been supposed, but lived on until 1503. The importance of this was that the triptych was assumed to have been painted before 1469, a date which was accepted as an article of faith by students of Memling. The author of the discovery, K. B. McFarlane, was encouraged to publish it, but did not formulate his conclusions until 1957, when he delivered a lecture to the Stubbs Society at Oxford.

The lecture was not printed, though its substance was communicated to the National Gallery, to which the triptych had been transferred. Five years later the single lecture, became a course of eight, which McFarlane delivered at Oxford; and following these he began work on a monograph on Memling. Unluckily he died while his task was still incomplete, and the present book has been extracted from his lectures and lecture notes by Edgar Wind (who himself died before it could appear) and G. L. Harris. The resulting volume is described by Wind in a preface as "only a shadow of the *Memling* that McFarlane would have published", but it is none the less an incisive, articulate and highly original book.

Memling, seated in Bruges in 1465, and it was widely supposed that the triptych was painted between 1466 and 1468, since it showed Donne's daughter but not his two sons (who now prove to have been born in or after 1482). There was one impediment to this dating, that the painting by Memling most closely resembles the Donne Triptych, the "Mystic Marriage of St Catherine" at Bruges, bears the date 1479 on its frame, but this was held by students of Flemish painting to prove no more than that Memling's style did not evolve.

The contrary case is argued by McFarlane: that the only valid *terminus ante quem* for the triptych is the York collar with the personal badge of Edward IV, which would not have been worn by Sir John Donne after 1483, and that the Donne Triptych and the "Mystic

Marriage of St Catherine" belong to the same period of Memling's work. What is at issue is considerably more than the date of one painting. The redating moves the chief obstacle to a proper understanding of Memling's development as an artist, establishes a coherent body of late works, makes it possible for the first time to provide a serious analysis of the debt to Roger van der Weyden in early paintings. Moreover it allows the sequence of Memling's portraits since the "Portrait of a Man holding a Coin of Nero" at Amersfoort, which is related in style to the Donne Triptych but not to Memling's early portraits, need no longer be looked on as an early work.

The penultimate chapter deals with the "Last Judgment" Danzig, to which Memling's work was attached in 1843 and which has since been accepted as his work by every recognized student of Flemish painting. Here McFarlane's conclusion is negative, that it is a work of the school of Roger van der Weyden showing affinities with Bouts and Memling but possibly by a third unidentified master, and Wind's more positive, "that the triptych is a posthumous issue from Roger's workshop, with Memling's hand very much in evidence."

In some respects the most brilliant section of the book is the last, which deals with the character and reputation of Memling's art. "Why, then, have art-historians turned against him?" asks McFarlane. Largely, I think, because he came at the end of one tradition, not at the beginning of another. These scholars who devote themselves to the study of early Netherlandish painting believe in progress. That is the great unexamined premise. "Progressive" on the lips of art-historians seems often to mean something that has little directly to do with technical advance, is much less definite and therefore all the more emotive. A painter may be described as progressive because he seems to have gone further along the road which has been destined to follow, or which he has followed. Movement along the highway is best, but it is better to be carried down a byway that not to move at all. This wholehearted reliance on what to others may seem a "progressive" identification of "progress" with "innovation", and Memling's dramatic innovation, allows McFarlane to claim upon our attention to be quickly disposed of.

This excellent book demonstrates that the historical context of art history is sometimes woefully inadequate, and suggests that the divergence between historical and art-historical method might usefully be rectified.

Sicilian style

EDUARDO SCIASCIA:

Contesto
Cape. Translated by E. Dale Saunders.
299pp. Cape. £1.95.

Journalism and television, factual writing without literary pretensions, and even more, such things as prize-winners are anything to go by, the Sicilian style of Italian prose at which Sciascia excels is at the present time low, as in particular because it is not a functional, cannot manage the simple job of saying what it means, alone of conveying information.

There is of course some mastery of style being written, but it is necessary to consider the worst in order to understand the degree of achievement in the best. For the two are almost two languages, one a language of the mind, the other a kind of language of the body. And the language of the body is a language of the mind, and the language of the mind is a language of the body. The two are almost two languages, one a language of the mind, the other a kind of language of the body. And the language of the body is a language of the mind, and the language of the mind is a language of the body.

Some writers find it easier to portray the dark underside of Sicilian life by dealing with its obviously dark-skinned inhabitants, the simple people least touched by outside influence. Not Sciascia: *Contesto* deals with life at a fairly bourgeois level and its hero is elaborately literary, always ready with a quotation from Borges or Forster or Chesterton or Luis Cernuda, or making puns on *decano* and *déjà*. It is a thriller, mathematically contrived, about a series of murders of judges whose past seems to link them with a man who may or may not have been wrongfully convicted. Political red herrings abound and, by the end, corpses. The detective is pared down to a symbolic simplicity. "Rogas lived alone," we are told, and no more. "Nor were there women in his life (it seems, it seemed even to him vaguely), that he had once had a wife." In spite of its lucid style the whole thing seems written in a kind of code, conceived as a puzzle: murderer and detective becoming almost indistinguishable, merging, swapping appearances and finally roles. Sciascia himself calls it a parody.

MAN ABOUT PARIS'

THE CONFESSIONS OF
ARSENE HOUSSAYE
Translated and edited by Henry Knepler. £3.00

"Houssaye always tells a good tale"
—Peter Quennell (Sun, Telegraph)

"Witty, cynical, extrovert... the selection is admirable"
—Robert Baldick (Daily Tel.)

A HISTORY OF THE IRISH WORKING CLASS'

By P. BERRSFORD ELLIS. £3.50

"A valuable & carefully researched work. Vastly readable"
—Maurice Litch (Guardian)

Just published:
THE MAGIC FLUTE: Masonic Opera'
A detailed analysis of text, music & historical background
By JACQUES CHAILLY
Translated by Herbert Weinstock. £3.75

COLLANCEZ

Red-hot larvae

KOBO ABE:

The Ruined Map
Translated by E. Dale Saunders.
299pp. Cape. £1.95

Kobo Abe's novel comes to its resting on a veritable bush of barrels; he is author of the celebrated *The Woman in the Dunes*, has received the most important Japanese literary prize, and *The Ruined Map* was picked as one of the best six novels of 1969 by the *New York Times*. Dangling though it may be to break a lance in the face of such odds, it is difficult to see—in the case of Mr Abe's latest book, anyway—quite what the fuss is about. Having said that, of course, it has to be added that readers of the English version are bound to be disadvantaged, to some extent, by the fact that they are reading the book in translation; and that it is all but impossible to tell how faithfully the translator has done his work.

Even allowing the author the benefit of that particular doubt, though, one looks in vain for those qualities which—apparently—quickened pulses and prompted superlatives at the offices of the *New York Times*. *The Ruined Map* is the story of a search for a missing person, which culminates in the loss, metaphorically, of the private detective hired to do the searching. The detective, also the narrator, is employed by an enigmatic woman, possibly not entirely innocent, to find her husband. His search seems hopeless; the clues are few and the trail misleading, but he ploughs on down through society's unlovely and often hostile substrata, heading—though he's not aware of it—towards the rock-bottom of self-effacement: the point at which his own personality is largely absorbed by that of his quarry, so intense has been his identification with the missing man.

The uncertain roles of the principal characters, the depressing turn of minor events, the trip through Tokyo's seamy haunts and the bad habits of its petty criminals—these form the substance of the novel. It goes without saying, though, that they are little enough if they lack the benefit of a style which is at least capable, and though the book might manage to keep its balance in the realm of ideas, it is for its translator, tales some pretty spectacular pitfalls where style is concerned. Even the minor oddities, proliferating as they do, become irritatingly obstructive after a time; the narrator tells us that "I was struck with an optical illusion", or "I... directed my footsteps into a dark rectangle..."; or states that "There is no need to act out a snake for someone who's afraid of them"; and later he imagines someone falling "easily, without a sound, like a stone statue...". Inefficiencies like those are common enough; but they can scarcely match some of the more extravagantly preposterous metaphors.

Moreover, at the time when the possibilities were collapsing one after the other, the veracious quiverings of huge, flesh-coloured moth larvae nesting in my breast were growing in intensity. As soon as they were liberated, these gory moths would make a dash straight for that lemon-yellow window. The shadow of a man standing in their way as they passed with a rush through the glass and the curtains... aiming for the heart, they would sink their fangs into it. Hold on! Moths don't have fangs. So let them stop at the dentist's on the way...

Later, the narrator tells how "My resentment was washed away; it was as if I was under a hot shower, grasping my penis...". Surely no amount of interpretative translating could have reduced the sublime to that degree of ridiculousness.

On the run

J. M. G. LE CLEZIO

The Book of Flights
Translated by Simon Watson Taylor.
319pp. Cape. £2.60.

French title: *Le Livre des Juites*. Mr Le Clezio here troves the globe in his usual cerebral style. The book is really an anthology of his "often talented but sometimes tedious observations, fantasies, parables and jokes". The aim is to address the reader very directly, the result rather precious (TLS, June 26, 1969).

* Mr Watson Taylor's translation is both fluent and resourceful.

Ever so English

P. B. ABERCROMBIE:

The Brou-du-lu
176pp. Macmillan. £2.25.

Cornelia Lamb has been left in London with her husband's Aunt Lucy, warehouse, as it were, while Harvey Lamb goes off to New York having decreed a trial separation in retaliation for Cornelia's many and complicated infidelities. Her remorseful effort to fit herself for life as a diplomat's wife ends where it begins, on an educational visit to the National Portrait Gallery, for there she acquires Tigran Leoniyev, a cheerful Armenian master of women and of life. This turns out to be Cornelia's most complicated affair ever: Harvey has to be called in to help release Tigran from prison, after his wrongful arrest for stealing Research Centre gumshoes; the Home Secretary almost has to resign; and just for a moment it looks as though Harvey really will ditch Cornelia for good.

P. B. Abercrombie's new novel consists of the correspondence between Cornelia, Harvey, Tigran, Aunt Lucy, Fossilick, the villainous Deputy Sheriff, speaks:

Keep them in their place, that's what I say, and don't listen to the idiots who say that the Catholic rabble should be educated and allowed to vote. Give them full bellies and an authority that they can look up to, and they'll be happier than ever they'd be if they had their blessed Ireland for the Irish.

Awfully Irish

SARA HELY:

The Legend of the Green Man
252pp. Collins. £1.60.

It is Ireland in 1799, a year which brought savage retribution for the uprising the year before. Sir William Fossilick, the villainous Deputy Sheriff, speaks:

Plus ça change... the wary reader might murmur, and though he might not be quite right about unhappy Ireland, he would certainly be correct about this kind of romantic novel. For here is a professionally executed tale about a flighty but spirited English widow who seeks the haven of a

conventional Irish suitor and finds that in Ireland everything turns out differently from what she expected.

The Green Man of the title is a cross between Robin Hood and the Scarlet Pimpernel. His aim is to protect the innocent, those caught in the crossfire between the violence of the United men and the violence of the upholders of the law. He is good at nipping chaps off scaffolds in the nick of time. His activities and the rest of the political and social background are faithfully depicted but, as with the adventures of romantic French émigrés at the time of the revolution, the background remains definitely background. Sad to relate, what really concerns the author is the turn of a lip, the shape of a leg or the tone of a ringlet. It gives nothing away to say that in the end spoiled Lady Kitty, though not a Catholic, is won by outrageous Mr Denny who turns out to be the one moderate in a land of extremes.

Hutchinson

IN IRELAND

The Earl of Longford
& Thomas P. O'Neill
EAMON DE VALERA

James Plunkett
THE GEMS SHE WORE
A BOOK OF IRISH PLACES
May

Conor Cruise O'Brien
STATES OF IRELAND
September

Brendan Behan
BORSTAL BOY
THE SCARPER
With Paul Hogarth
BRENDAN BEHAN'S ISLAND
BRENDAN BEHAN'S NEW YORK

Edna O'Brien
THE COUNTRY GIRLS

Michael Farrell
THY TEARS MIGHT CEASE

Monk Gibbon
INGLORIOUS SOLDIER

THE BRAHMS WALTZ

THE VELVET BOW
AND OTHER POEMS
May

HUTCHINSON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

J. C. Beckett
A SHORT HISTORY OF IRELAND

Balachandra Rajan
W. B. YEATS

Francis Doherty
SAMUEL BECKETT

ARROW BOOKS
Brian Friel
THE SAUCER OF LARKS

Donald S. Connery
THE IRISH
May

Lee Dunne
PADDY MAGUIRE IS DEAD
A Novel/August/An Arrow Paperback Original

On the receiving end of the Reformation

G. R. ELTON:
Policy and Police
446pp. Cambridge University Press,
£5.80.

Among the generation of historians who established themselves in the years following the Second World War, G. R. Elton occupies a very high place. Since the late 1940s he has produced a continuous stream of books and articles, mainly concerned with different aspects of Tudor government and more particularly with England during the years 1532 to 1540. As the author of a justly renowned textbook and other general works, it is safe to say that his writings have become familiar to as many sixth-formers and undergraduates as have those of any other single historian of our time. The controversies between Professor Elton and his critics over "the Tudor Revolution" and "the man behind the Henrician reformation (king or minister?)" have become as well known as those over the fortunes and politics of the gentry or the causes and consequences of the early Industrial Revolution.

Now, with his *Policy and Police*, Professor Elton makes his most substantial and detailed contribution since his first book, *The Tudor Revolution in Government* (1953). The scope of the new book is conveyed by its subtitle: "The Enforcement of the Reformation in the Age of Thomas Cromwell". But to describe and explain enforcement in turn involves the nature of the policies being enforced, and hence what the "Henrician Reformation" meant for those, so to speak, at the receiving end. Thomas Cromwell's methods and objectives, notably as a Protestant, an administrative reformer, and a strict legalist are amply demonstrated. There is much illumination, too, of the mechanics of early Tudor government, its strengths and its limitations, indeed of the limits to the effectiveness of any government in that epoch. Much too is revealed, in this work of almost impeccable scholarship and analysis, about the resources and techniques of the historian himself.

What Professor Elton has written elsewhere about the historian's craft

is here notably exemplified in practice. No space is wasted; among the author's qualities are relevance, conciseness, accuracy, relentless pursuit of exact detail, lucidity of exposition, precision as well as vigour of argument, and a certain flexible, pragmatic shrewdness. Interest is evenly sustained, and the quality of the writing very seldom falters. If the hallmark of a great historian's work is to combine the micro and the macro-cosmic visions—the absolute mastery of detail and the awareness of big problems, and great issues—then this book's claims must be reckoned very strong.

Professor Elton's limitations are perhaps the obverse of his qualities. Where wider considerations of ideological principle or of social development impinge upon his theme, he sometimes appears to draw back. Thus his account of the imprisonment and trial of Sir Thomas More is a model of clear, generous, and persuasive. But original or striking evaluations of the great issues at stake seem to be almost deliberately eschewed. In many ways this is very refreshing. Some may feel too that Professor Elton has less than sufficient sympathy for idealists and visionaries, whether—in sixteenth-century terms—of the left or of the right. A more mundane regret is that the reader's way has not been signposted a little more helpfully: a good index, sub-headings, or section divisions would seem desirable in chapters which average forty to fifty pages each (one indeed is nearer ninety). The very high standard of accuracy goes for the printers too. Of a mere five slips or misprints noted, one could be taken for a minor factual error: according to the *DNB* and other authorities, More was cross-examined and sent to the Tower in April 1534, not May 1535.

A complex matter, but one of some substance in relation to the general thesis of the book, involves the jurisdiction of different courts in cases of treason. We are told that the Council of the North had a certain John Ainsworth tried and executed for treason, whereas the record seems to show that, although it was the Council which initiated his examination and subsequent indictment, his trial was held before

the assize judges at York. Later we are told that "by no means all the King's courts could try treason, and in particular none but common-law courts could". Yet the Council of the North had twenty-three people executed after the Pilgrimage of Grace (in the years 1537-1540), and "of all subordinate authorities only that Council ever acted in treason cases without reference to Cromwell or the Privy Council". This is a difficult and debatable question. And where the author has done so much to clarify both the law of treason in the sixteenth century and its practical implementation, it may seem ungracious to carp at a single ambiguity.

The burden of Professor Elton's argument is that there was indeed an enforcement problem for Henry VIII and Cromwell. England was neither solidly behind the King and his policies, nor cowed into silent submission. Yet at the same time enforcement was not achieved by a remorseless, all-embracing reign of terror. Success was due rather to patience, efficiency, and even—to the standards of the time—justice tempered with clemency and good sense. Cromwell himself emerges from these pages, more surely than from Professor Elton's other writings, as a man of unmistakable Protestant religious convictions, forward-looking in almost every aspect of his public policies, and far more than a tireless administrator and police chief—though that he certainly was—but at the same time fatally ensnared as the servant of Henry VIII, that formidable, largely backward-looking and most unpredictable monarch.

Special studies are devoted to the threats posed to the Crown and its policies by "Rumour, Magic and Prophecy", and to the government's own use of propaganda (chiefly by means of the printed word) to further its objectives. But the extent and nature of opposition and the means used to overcome it are kept at the centre of the picture, being viewed from various aspects in dif-

ferent chapters. Finally, a judicious and exhaustive count is undertaken of all those accused of treason and related offences, the believed outcome being given according to each type of charge or accusation. Thus, of the 394 accused of "treason by words" under the notorious Henrician statute, at most sixty-three suffered the death penalty; whereas a probable thirty-nine were executed out of ninety-eight accused of conspiracy.

By classifying those involved in the fall of the Boleyns and that of the Poles, as well as the victims of the unsuccessful northern risings separately (no matter what the form of the accusations against them), Professor Elton is able to show the relatively small scale of extreme measures. For, excluding these categories, at most 127 persons were executed. And even if we include all the political and ideological victims of these eight years (making a probable sum total of 329), it is fair to be reminded that this was fewer than the total number upon whom Elizabeth I was reigned after the northern rising of 1569; and by contemporary Continental standards it was positively restrained. But from bloodshed, even by the letter of the law, has a qualitative as well as a quantitative aspect. By twentieth-century standards, this was a legalistic regime, yet on a small scale a bloody and repressive one. It was emphatically not a tyranny, where the mere will of the ruler and his henchmen had the force of law. The acquittals detailed here, and the much more numerous cases which were simply dropped, are sufficient proof of that.

Professor Elton generously says that further research in local sources by other scholars may well cause some of his findings to be modified. If anything, this would seem unduly modest. For apart from a few municipal archives and the records of ecclesiastical courts in certain dioceses, it is hard to think of many such sources for these years. And a

seems unlikely that more detailed aspects of his general presentation will need amendment. It would also agree, plenty of questions remain to be asked: the England of Thomas Cromwell, more than any other of the book, *Policy and Police* tells a law and government which worked, and what it was really like and his great bureaucratic machine serves the title of "Tudor Revolution".

In crisis

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER:
Religion, the Reformation and Social Change
486pp. Macmillan, £5.50.

Professor Trevor-Roper's address will continue to be disappointing to those who have not written a full-length book. However, as the author points out, these essays... are all concerned with a single general problem: crisis in government, society, ideas which occurred both in England and England, between the reformation and the middle of the sixteenth century. And, at his best, Professor Trevor-Roper writes with vividness and a sense of rhythm—a form, which marks him out from most all others. His mind is lively, able of the humdrum or the commonplace" (*TLS*, October 19, 1967).

This well-known volume appears with a few small additions and corrections. Any library which lacks the first edition, or another copy, should welcome it. The collection is strongly recommended to anyone interested in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who enjoys fine historical writing and vigorous argument. The author, among the most pifted essayists of our time.

ULSTER

Ulster's differences

THE PEOPLE in England who have given earnest, but not very prolonged, thought to the Northern Ireland question sometimes come up with the idea that the solution would be the appointment of a Catholic Tory Lord as Executive Governor. The Catholics would love him for his religion, the Protestants for his politics. The process would be helped on by a combined visit of the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to recommend religious peace.

Direct contact with the area, and conversation with members of the two communities, brings the depressing discovery that a Catholic Tory would be the most unpopular of all possible governors. The Catholics, if true, would not necessarily dislike him much more for being Catholic as well as Governor. If he were an English Catholic, the weight of additional dislike would hardly be perceptible, since the Catholicism of the English is not felt to be the same as the religion of the same name practised in Ireland. There would be the embarrassment which is generally felt when a gesture intended to be agreeable falls flat. But if the new Governor were an Irish Catholic he would be regarded by many Catholics as a traitor—an Irishman representing an English monarch in Ireland—and would be high on the assassination lists. As for the Ulster Protestants, the appointment of a Catholic—of whatever provenance—as Executive Governor would appear to many of them as the worst insult and threat to the province since the reign of James II, and since the abolition of the Ulster peerage and the Ulster peerage.

So far as the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury are concerned, the undoubted pleasure of Belfast Catholics at seeing their Holy Father would be marred by the spectacle of thousands of their fellow citizens trying to get at that venerated figure in order to drown him in the Lagan (together with the Archbishop for coming with the Pope, and then becoming a Protestant). The eyes of an Irish Catholic Governor would be in Irish Catholic eyes—a traitor. The whole ecclesiastical exercise, if carried out, would produce riots and mayhem on a scale far exceeding anything that even Belfast has yet known. Fortunately, the Pope, whether infallible or not, has sense enough to keep out of Belfast.

Components and variants of the Catholic/Governor/Pope/Archbishop cure have been heard from more than one member of Parliament, and from a newspaper magnate. Their disaster-fraught suggestions were the result, not of stupidity or ill-will, but of superficial information. It is probable that if they had read the first of the three books reviewed here they would not have offered those suggestions, and indeed that they would have refrained altogether from utterance on this grim, complex and impracticable subject.

The stratigraphy of loyalties

Richard Rose's *Governing Without Consensus* is probably the most illuminating book ever written about Northern Ireland. Its core is made up of the responses to what Professor Rose called a "loyalty" survey carried out by him over a multi-stage stratified random sample of 1,500 households. The stratification of areas was "by religion, parishes, and urban, semi-urban or rural character". A total of 757 Protestants and 534 Roman Catholics were interviewed: 58.6 per cent Protestant and 41.4 per cent Catholic—approximating the actual balance of the two communities, with a slight inflation of the Catholic component. The inflation is not significant for

RICHARD ROSE:
Governing Without Consensus
567pp. Faber and Faber, 6s.

R. S. P. ELLIOTT and JOHN HICKIE:
Ulster
A Case Study in Conflict Theory
180pp. Longman, £2.80.
CONSTANTINE FERGIBSON:
Red Hand: The Ulster Colony
367pp. Michael Joseph, 6s.

the survey, since results are presented separately for Protestants and Catholic respondents. It was carried out during the period March to August, 1968. The results therefore relate to the last months of what we may now call "The Old Northern Ireland". The period of the survey was not only before the coming of serious violence, but also before the Civil Rights Movement entered its active phase of non-violent militancy. In October, 1968, it must not, therefore, be assumed that the attitudes recorded by Professor Rose are those now held by the same proportion of the two communities. In many cases they almost certainly are not: a hardening of attitudes, in both communities, throughout the period between 1968 and 1972 is something which almost all observers agree in discerning. The true extent, character and distribution of what is vaguely described as "hardening" could, however, only be found out by means of a new survey, conducted as closely as possible on the lines of Professor Rose's 1968 survey.

Fortunately Professor Rose was very happy in his choice of dates; a survey finished in the summer of 1968 forms the perfect baseline against which to measure the effects of the years of challenge and of violence. Unfortunately, it would probably not be safe to attempt such a survey either in present conditions, or in any conditions likely soon to exist in the province; and if a new survey were attempted its results might not be reliable. A climate of fear, suspicion, intimidation and violence is unfavourable to the carrying-through of any kind of public opinion survey, but especially of one on so "hot" a subject as loyalty.

The material in this long book—more than 550 pages including the notes—is rich in detail. No attempt will be made here to summarize a book which everyone seriously interested in Northern Ireland will want to read for themselves, but attention should be drawn to certain aspects of Professor Rose's findings which seem particularly significant.

The first concerns the degree of alienation of the Catholic minority from the Northern Ireland regime. In the forty-ninth year of that regime's existence. This survey shows that that alienation—while greater than certain Unionist spokesmen, in their more euphorically "Rhodesian" moments, suggested—was less, indeed considerably less, than nationalist spokesmen were accustomed to claim. Professor Rose's single most startling finding is that 33 per cent of the Catholic part of his sample said they approved the constitutional position of Northern Ireland; 34 per cent said they didn't approve; 32 per cent said they didn't know. (We aren't told what happened to the other 1 per cent.) Among Protestants the proportions were: approve 68 per cent; disapprove 1 per cent; don't know 22 per cent (apparently Protestants are more amenable to being added up than Catholics are).

Even in 1968, 34 per cent was almost certainly inadequate as an index of Catholic alienation. Many of the 33 per cent "don't know" could probably be added to it. Professor Rose limited education, and it seems they just failed to understand a rather fancy-worded ques-

tion. But even if we make the extreme assumption that all the "don't knows" can be lumped with the "disapproves", we are still left with the fact, as it was then, of approval of the Northern Ireland Constitution by one third of the Catholics. In present circumstances it may safely be assumed that that figure would be greatly reduced.

It might be thought that the 33 per cent who approved were the upper crust of the Catholic community. Other parts of the survey, however, show little reason to believe that there is much class difference between them and the 34 per cent "disapproves", although most of the "don't know" presumably fall in a lower class than either of the deciding groups. Professor Rose finds a strong correlation between political views and religion; and a weak correlation between political views and social class. These facts are of course obvious to anyone who has spent any time in Northern Ireland, but like many other obvious facts they have been partly concealed from view by a froth of rhetoric. Professor Rose blows away much of the froth.

In so far as class differences are more important than religious differences, then Ulster people of the same class should have more similar regime outlooks than people of different classes but the same religion. The data from the loyalty surveys clearly reject this hypothesis. The difference between middle-class and working-class Protestants in support for the constitution is 4 per cent and 3 per cent in endorsement of an Ultra position. Similarly, among Catholics, there is only a 2 per cent difference across classes in support for the constitution, and a 5 per cent difference in endorsement of a demonstration against the regime. The differences between religions are much larger. Within the middle class, Protestants and Catholics differ by 36 percentage points in their readiness to support the constitution. And manual workers differ by 30 percentage points. In other words, commonly with basic political laws, about half of each class group is ready to endorse extra-constitutional actions against others who share class but not regime outlooks. It is particularly noteworthy that there is no consistent tendency for middle-class Ulster people to be ready to endorse the constitution and refrain from extra-constitutional politics, notwithstanding their relative advantage in terms of status.

Frail straws of hope

Governing Without Consensus is a rather depressing book—as any objective book on Northern Ireland has to be. One can pick from it, for consolation, two straws of potential hope. One is the fact that, whereas the Catholic hierarchy have rejected integrated education—Catholics and Protestants together—no less than 69 per cent of the Catholic part of Professor Rose's sample are in favour of integrated education. (This is, even so, a frail little straw for the author also finds that "while attendance at mixed schools tends to reduce Ultra and rebel views, it does so only to a very limited extent". The figures he cites, however, are a little more encouraging than his "very limited" would suggest.)

The second relatively hopeful finding—and a much-needed ray of hope at the present time—is that people who recalled "actively bad" community relations showed the least propensity to endorse violence. This suggests, says Professor Rose, "that while sectarian bitterness will make people fighting mad, some who see its consequences in bloodshed and disorder will react against it." Let us hope the "some" will become "many".

The factual content of *Governing Without Consensus* is presented with admirable lucidity and fairness. Professor Rose's theoretical formulations based on the material seem to be less

THAMES AND HUDSON

April books

Thirty Years of Treason

ERIC BEATLEY

Eric Beatley, the distinguished American dramatic critic and polemical writer, has compiled excerpts from the transcripts of the Un-American Activities Committee of the United States Congress from 1938 to 1968, focusing on its confrontations with writers, artists and performers. Commentary on the excerpts is included along with an appendix of related material from contemporary periodicals. £5.90 April 4

The Complete Book of Knitting

BARBARA ABBEY

Barbara Abbey provides a complete reference book and permanent guide to fundamental knitting procedures. Hundreds of drawings and photographs illustrate her concise text: from choosing yarn to executing complicated pattern stitches and interpreting foreign pattern instructions. With 300 drawings and 200 photographs. £3.50 April 17

Brain Mechanisms and Mind

KEITH OATLEY

Dr Oatley, lecturer in Experimental Psychology at the University of Sussex, describes the development of our knowledge of brain mechanisms and mind—how the brain works and how our behaviour is affected by what happens in the brain. He discusses the important and often controversial research now being carried on and the major scientific discoveries which have led up to our present knowledge. With 180 illustrations, 19 in colour. 'World of Science Library'. Cloth £2.25, paper £1.25 April 4

Greek and Roman Voting and Elections

E. S. STAVELEY

E. S. Staveley, Reader in Ancient History at Bedford College, University of London, surveys the changing methods of voting and elections in ancient Greece and Rome. He includes a discussion of the mechanics of the voting process itself and covers the canvass and various forms of electoral malpractice, as well as the conduct and decline of elections under the Roman Empire. With 9 drawings. 'Aspects of Greek and Roman Life'. £4.00 April 17

Edvard Munch

J. P. HODIN

As the initiator of the Expressionist movement, Munch went beyond symbolism in expressing the spiritual climate of the modern age. J. P. Hodin, the distinguished art historian and critic, has written a deeply sympathetic account of Munch's life and artistic development, poignantly revealed, too, in the many illustrations of his paintings and graphic work. With 168 illustrations, 30 in colour. 'World of Art Library'. Cloth £2.50, paper £1.50 April 17

Nebuchadnezzar

ARTHUR BOYD

Text by T. S. R. BOASE

Since 1968 Arthur Boyd has created a number of paintings and other works, reproduced in this book, on the subject of the fall from grace of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon—an ideal vehicle for his wide range of imagery. An absorbing text is provided by T. S. R. Boase, the distinguished art historian and former Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. With 53 illustrations, 34 in colour. £3.15 April 17

Available at the British Museum during the exhibition 'Treasures of Tutankhamen' from March 30

Jewels of the Pharaohs

EGYPTIAN JEWELRY OF THE DYNASTIC PERIOD

CYRIL ALDRED

Photographs by ALBERT SHOUCAR
With 156 illustrations, 100 in colour and 36 line drawings. £4.95

Akhenaten, Pharaoh of Egypt A New Study

CYRIL ALDRED

With 137 illustrations, 17 in colour and 6 line drawings. 'New Aspects of Antiquity'. £4.20

THAMES AND HUDSON

Write for our catalogue to 30 Bloomsbury Street, London WC1B 3QP

The emergence of Sambo

ANN J. LANE (Editor):

The Debate over Slavery

Stanley Elkins and His Critics

378pp. University of Illinois Press
(American University Publishers Group). £4.25.

Many of the best-known theories devised by American historians to explain their unique civilization have been little more than broad metaphoric assertions or analogies. They are incapable of proof or disproof; still, in spite of their specific inappropriateness they persist, because they appear to explain something profound or general. Sometimes the bold statement of a theme begins a whole school of historical writing. Such a work was Stanley Elkins's *Slavery*, first published in the United States in 1959. Since that time his book has been subjected to an amazingly critical examination by those who were intrigued or outraged by his comparison of the Southern slave system to the German concentration-camps, and his description of the behaviour of the victims of both systems.

Ann J. Lane has gathered in *The Debate over Slavery* much of the best work written in answer to the original Elkins theory. It is an excellent sampling, all the more interesting because it reflects the impact of current black consciousness in America, and because it poses time and again the intriguing dilemma of the relationship between slavery and racism. Each of the essays focuses upon one of Professor Elkins's specific points, his methodology, his facts, or his logic, and goes on to discuss a counter-theory or portray a specific part of slave life in North America. If nothing else, Professor Elkins was right to

claim that he could break the fruitless and protracted dispute which had run from the end of the Civil War to the 1950s over whether slavery actually benefited American Negroes or not. By investigating slave psychology, and by comparing North American to Latin American slavery, he shifted the discussion from alternate assertions about paternalism and heroism to an attempt to reconstruct the personality of the slave.


The answers he put forward have inspired important work by historians such as Eugene Genovese and David Brian Davis, who have also done comparative work on slavery but with very different results. It now seems possible to write with some authority about the existence of family life on plantations, about underground slave culture, and about the relationship between home and field slaves. Thus each of the authors in Dr Lane's anthology builds upon Professor Elkins's original work, even while his own thesis is an effort to disprove the thesis of *Slavery*.

Still, after reading *The Debate over Slavery* and conceding each author his objections to the Elkins thesis, one is struck by the tenacity of this thesis about the general character of North American slavery. It is obvious that some critics miss Professor Elkins's emphasis, which is not on slavery so much as on the emergence of a peculiar type of slave, the "Sambo", whose child-like personality has long been a theatrical and literary favourite. To explain the existence of this personality, Professor Elkins made two comparisons—first between Latin American and North American slavery, finding them unlike; and then between the psychological environ-

ment of concentration-camps in Nazi Germany and the American plantation system; these he found to be remarkably similar, so much so that the imprisoned and enslaved exhibited the same infantile and utterly dependent behaviour.

There are other reasons why Professor Elkins's original book remained important beyond the measure of its historical accuracy. Unfortunately, none of the essays in the anthology puts Elkins's theory in perspective, for it was the mixture of familiar explanations and new circumstances that made for the vigour of his arguments. Having given Professor Elkins credit for his inspiration, one can see his thesis in its relationship to other traditional explanations of the "American character". In the argument that a closed society could create infantile behaviour, he was asserting the reverse of the notion that an open society made for individualism and independence, an idea which after Tocqueville was commonplace. In "Sambo", Professor Elkins accepted as real, in much the same way as plantation defenders did, the existence of black men and women completely and solely defined by their bondage, without their own culture or means of psychological survival. In the comparison of slavery to concentration-camps rather than penal institutions or simply other slave societies, he raised once more the question of moral evil, but in such a way that no slave apologist could ever answer it. He created a thesis which will undoubtedly have a long and controversial life in spite of the convincing and more substantial work written in reply, precisely because it is so much in the mainstream of American historical

thought.



Kings and Councillors
An Essay in the Comparative Anatomy of Human Society
A.M. Hocart

Edited and with an Introduction by Rodney Needham
Foreword by E. E. Evans-Pritchard

Kings and Councillors, first published in 1936, is the most ambitious and challenging work by the late Professor A. M. Hocart, and also the most extensive example of the distinctive approach of this unconventional thinker. Today, Hocart is recognized as having been one of the most fertile minds in British anthropology, decades ahead of his time.

This erudite and brilliant contribution to our understanding of man performs a great service for all students of ritual and... also for all who are endeavouring to understand the relation of ritual to social order.—A. P. Elkin, £6.10; new paperback edition, £1.80.

Full details of other titles published in the series *Classics in Anthropology* under the general editorship of Rodney Needham are available on request.

The University of Chicago Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road London SW1

كتاب في الأصول

satisfactory, being both over-elaborate and excessively noncommittal: a combination favoured by too many social scientists. There is one other small carp. The photographs included relate mainly to a period later than the survey, and may mislead the unwary reader by their topicality. Professor Rose does comment on this, but he then directs that all the attitudes analysed by him are taken. Yet the merits of this book overwhelmingly outweigh its deficiencies, and all concerned with Northern Ireland owe a deep debt of gratitude to Professor Rose.

Ulster: A Case Study of Conflict Theory is the kind of book that brings conflict-theory studies into disrepute. The authors set out by raising hopes that they are about to bring to bear on the Northern Ireland conflict more precise and sensitive terminology and more rigorous methods than have yet been applied to it. We could do with this. But in reality nothing is brought to bear on anything. The book consists in the main of slices of theoretical verbiage alternating with slices of popular and highly inaccurate history and social description. There is little or no interpenetration between the theoretical bit and the narrative-and-descriptive bits, and the conclusions, so far as they concern Ulster, are not based either on the theory or on the narrative. Some of them are merely the sort of thing the weariest lender-writer could have thought up without "scientific" assistance.

This indicates that until constructive steps are taken it seems unlikely that there will be any progress in relations between the two communities and therefore in bringing an end to the trouble. Others are mere wish-fulfillments, flying in the face of the observed facts: "This is because there is now a chance of a radical restructuring of the political division—away from religion, towards a class framework."

The book also contains the insignificant results of an embarrassingly amateurish survey conducted in March, 1969, by means of interviews with some politicians in Belfast and a few in Dublin. The politicians talked their heads off, it seems, and the interviewers, having neither shorthand nor tape-recorders, wrote down bits here and there. "All the answers," as the authors disarmingly observe, "are an edited version distorted in terms of what the interviewer thought most important."

The interviewers could scarcely have been competent to edit this material nor would the authors have been competent, because they do not

seem to know their chosen field of study well enough, as appears at many points. That they mugged up their subject hastily and approximately is shown, for example, by a reference to "the 1789 Irish Socialist uprising"; the statement that "during the war Southern Ireland gave support to the German cause and it was then [sic] that the slogan 'England's danger is Eire's [sic] opportunity' was coined"; by the appearance of distorted proper names like "Warrough" and "Whittacker"; by the definition of the Dáil as "the Dublin Houses of Parliament" as well as by more subtle evidences of unfamiliarity. Moreover, the standard of proof-reading is so bad that it is often hard to know whether the authors mean what they actually appear to be saying, or the opposite, or something in between: for instance, "cases of violent conflict between communities of roughly the same size are rarer than those where there is equality." On the whole, "inequality" seems the more likely reading.

Red Hand: The Ulster Colony is a rather easy-going informal discussion of the historical roots of Northern Ireland. Many people are likely to find it readable and informative. Others will find it rather difficult reading because of Constantine FitzGibbon's tendency to skip from period to period, with very little notice; and his frequent and rather strange comparisons with outside phenomena. Very little of this book deals with contemporary Northern Ireland, and Mr FitzGibbon is not at his best in this section: "It would seem that the Red IRA being now under the control of International Communism as directed from Moscow, has been ordered to hold its hand for the time being..." In fact it does not appear that either the "Green" or the "Red" IRA is under the control of anything—certainly not of anything so remote and exotic as "International Communism" directed from Moscow. This is the equivalent of the theory that the men of 1916 were in the pay of Berlin. In reality, Irish rebels have responded to Irish situations in their own way, sometimes borrowing rhetoric or ideology from abroad, and often looking there for weapons and other aid, but seldom amenable to outside advice. In any case, Moscow, like Rome (or even Dublin), would find it difficult to assess each crisis arising in Ardoyne or Andersonstown in time for its advice to have much relevance. Things move quickly, under pressure of local competition.

Civil war in close-up

Ulster
By the Sunday Times Insight Team.
311pp. André Deutsch. £1.95. Penguin. Paperback, 40p.

How to tell the truth without helping the enemy is the traditional test of honest reporting in times of trouble. Censorship made it a comparatively easy one to pass in the Second World War. But even then, those in charge of newspapers and broadcasting had to resist combined attack from Whitehall warriors in and out of uniform.

It seems dazzlingly obvious that to publish official German communications cannot help the enemy by telling him something he does not already know. But all the firmness and tact of Lord Radcliffe were needed to silence the plaintive, reiterated question of the tycoons of the foreign Office: "Old boy, why tell people what the Germans are saying?" Earlier reporters, untrammelled by censorship, still had to withstand pressure from high places and to be indifferent to finding themselves in hot water. William Russell, the Crimean correspondent of *The Times*, and the greatest war reporter in history, was a red rag to the bulls of the staff at the front and to the Horse Guards at home.

The dilemma of the professional observer determined to play fair by his readers or listeners without giving away secrets or otherwise helping the enemy has been made immeasurably harder in recent years by the spread of hostilities carried on without formal declaration of war. The Insight Team of *The Sunday Times* tell the full force of this in their investigation—which appeared last autumn and is now issued in expanded book form—into the origins and development of events in Ulster, from the first stirrings of civil rights protests up to the end of 1971.

They did not escape—and do not entirely deserve to escape—criticism. But for thoroughness in seeking out

the news and its background, and for skill in making tangled, confused and shifting situations intelligible, their achievement is of the first order of journalism. William Russell would surely hail the members of the team as fellow-fighters in the good cause of keeping the press at once free and responsible.

They had to avoid saying with the Rev Ian Paisley: "I would rather be British than just"; it is possible to be both. Here and there, as in commenting at one point that "the Army's humiliatedness was the IRA's opportunity", they strike a harsh note. That is like blaming a footballer for making a clumsy pass in a gale of wind. But the soldiers come out much better than the politicians, civil servants or the police. They are seen to behave with incomparably greater restraint than the French in Algeria or the Americans in Vietnam. When they take on the role of Cassandra, and Whitehall dismisses them ("The soldiers [are] forecasting gloom as usual"), the soldiers are the ones likely to be proved right in the end.

A more hanging judgment is passed on the politicians; the characteristic Westminster policy on Ulster is accused of reversing Roosevelt's dictum: walk softly and carry a big stick. But the most severe criticisms strike at the Royal Ulster Constabulary. It is charged with having used firearms with such licence as to disqualify it from being called a police force. An army officer is quoted as having referred to RUC staff work as "semi-literate": "You couldn't get them to number paragraphs because they used to write like Mark Twain—start a new paragraph when you feel like a drink."

Quoting remarks made behind the scenes is a legitimate and effective weapon in a reporter's armoury, and the inside men make free use of it. A civil servant tells of "Harold [Wilson] huffing and puffing about not being a rubber stamp for Stormont". An Ulster Unionist gleefully relates that "Jimmy [Chichester-

Clark] more or less told [C. to stuff it]. Another [C.], flinging the troops and we are [C.] without strings [C.]. [C.] dithering". The Ulster PM, Mr Heath, who says, "I realize it was as critical as the Ulster PM comments: of leaping on the table at X's. Ten I thought I could hardly make it clearer". Mr Maule, his plane gathers altitude on its way back to London, exclaims: "What a bloody awful country!"

Even if this fly on the wall tends to be overplayed it contributes to the liveliness of the narrative. And it is used, too, to give a blow-by-blow account of numerous incidents handled objectively and clearly. An advertisement emerges of the heartening realities of civil war, in which rumours catch fire and inflammations already aroused, myths accepted as gospel truths, me good will on all sides go to the winds and the city of Derry is reduced to "seething neurosis".

There is one inevitable gap in the IRA, official and provisionally accepted as gospel truths, me good will on all sides go to the winds and the city of Derry is reduced to "seething neurosis". There is one inevitable gap in the IRA, official and provisionally accepted as gospel truths, me good will on all sides go to the winds and the city of Derry is reduced to "seething neurosis".

World war in a nutshell

HENRI MICHEL:
La Seconde guerre mondiale
126pp. Paris: Presses Universitaires. 3.70 fr.

Ever since Stevenson and Osborne remarked of a character in *The Wrong Box* that a taste for miscellaneous information had early supplied his manhood, the English have been shy of acquiring snippets of knowledge. This perhaps is why the "Que suis-je?" collection has no English equivalent; but we may have made a mistake. These little books are each much more than an assembly of snippets; they are miniature treatises, by experts, on subjects worth study. Over 1,450 titles, so far, describe the state of learning across as wide a range as an intelligent reader could wish. Among the three-score latest additions, recorded on the back of this one, are works on bibliography, puberty, econometrics, judo, Arab music, Charles V, Mauritius, and Renaissance philosophy. The books fit comfortably in a jacket pocket or a handbag; and anybody who wants to improve his French, and to understand more of how the French view the world, could do worse than start here, with a dozen or two of them to read in the train or on a wet weekend.

Henri Michel's contribution, his fourth to the series, is a skilful summary of his much longer two-volume book with the same title (reviewed here on March 6, 1969 and January 22, 1970), with some new points added as well. From his vast knowledge of the war against Nazi Germany, often commended in

these columns, he has distilled a hundred small pages full of concentrated good sense, and backed them up with illuminating maps. He understands the main lines of world strategy, and their dependence on industrial production; demonstrating, in a few judicious tables, how he was bound to win. Yet he understands also the decisive importance of resistance, on the spot in occupied Europe, in securing the Nazis' downfall: because it rotted away such confidence as the peoples they invaded ever had in them.

M. Michel is impartial, just, distant; yet perceives what went on, and why it mattered. He recounts the main campaigns accurately and in due order; there was no *tempête* on the Normandy coast on D-day, but otherwise his narrative hardly contains a single slip. His tone to approve or disapprove, for instance, Allied bombing policy; he records what it did—"Le Reich devient un champ de ruines", while German aircraft production was halved, and he is historian enough to rise above narrative, in a section of perceptive analyses which explain why the war took the course it had the results it did. This excellent book deserves to be widely read.

Lenin dixit

ERNST FISCHER with FRANZ MAREK:
Lenin in His Own Words
Translated by Anna Bostock
190pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £2.25.

This is a collection of quotations from Lenin, classified by subject and strung on a thread of running comment. Within the subject-chapters the arrangement is chronological, and designed to show development. The idea is ingenious and well worked out, and the book will serve as an excellent introduction to Lenin's thought—not quite for beginners, since some knowledge of the course of events may be unnecessary to catch

the drift of what is being said or written. It is not a long book—little more than 150 pages—and it is naturally easy to think of topics skimmed or left out. Lenin's analysis of bureaucracy could have been more systematically treated; and nothing is said of his views on nationalism and national self-determination, subjects on which he spilt much ink at one period. His pronouncement on foreign policy—with the exception of the Brest-Litovsk episode—do not appear; and more surprising still is the complete omission of world revolution and the Communist International. Lenin, after all, thought of himself as an international revolutionary, and the Russian revolution only as a first step towards global overthrow of capitalist society.

Beyond mere adaptation

JEAN PIAGET:
Biology and Knowledge
Translated by Reatrix Walsh
114pp. Edinburgh University Press. £1.50.

LUDWIG von BERTALANFFY:
General System Theory
114pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £3.50.

Jean Piaget, for forty years Professor of Child Psychology and History of Science in Geneva, was originally trained as a biologist, and has published work in zoology. So he is well equipped for this study: its purpose is to trace the parallels between organic and cognitive processes. In doing so he provides a critical survey of evolutionary theory, reductionism, and Gestalt. He stresses that his hypothesis—that cognitive functions are an expression of organic regulation—is not new, and calls for collaboration of biologists and psychologists to clarify it further.

Biology and Knowledge is a major contribution, well matured, its insights set in a closely-reasoned argument. Though it proves nothing, it points a way forward, and this central theme gradually emerges from the generalizations which provide the necessary scaffolding. There is inevitably some repetition, since the theme has to be viewed from many angles: historical, experimental, psychological, and, above all, as it would have been to experience the Mafia at the height of its power in Sicily. The extent to which the present IRA has broken away from the purely nationalist tradition of its predecessors, and degenerated into a Chicago gangsterism, is a debatable association of the terms available and the limitations of

present knowledge in the realm linking biology and thought.

Piaget's philosophy is the more valuable for being unorthodox and exploratory. Right or wrong, he forces us to think afresh. His objective, which most will welcome, is to get clear of old antitheses and to clarify the *tertium quid*, going beyond both (a) reductionism and its opposite (seeing life or intelligence everywhere), and (b) random non-adaptive, non-modifiable mutations (or recombinations) and an unsystematic holism. He relies on experiment, mathematics and logic to uncover gradually the missing central principle now obviously necessary for the better understanding of organisms, of knowledge and of their relations. In this search he is guided by cybernetics (Wiener); selection of phenotypes, genetic assimilation or the simulation of Lamarckian inheritance (Waddington, whom he values highly); organization, which he values highly; organicism (Bertalanffy); and the formative role of internal selection (Whyte).

For Piaget, the supreme principle is that a powerful process of self-regulation not only underlies and integrates all specialized activities and provides the indispensable continuity of living systems from generation to generation, but paves beyond mere adaptation, resulting in the human capacity for language, knowledge, and the unique achievements of logic and mathematics. Two ideas may be selected to illustrate the direction of his thought: in a fully self-regulating integrated system there must be interplay between genetic system and environment, even if its mechanism is obscure; and cerebral functioning probably expresses the most general, i.e. least differentiated, type of self-regulation. The author stresses the unique characteristics of logic and

Oppositions of Religious Doctrines:

A Study in the Logic of Dialogue among Religions

Philosophy of Religion
General Editor: John Hick
William A. Christian

This essay in critical philosophy of religion examines doctrines of the major religions in detail, placing special emphasis on the philosophical problems of how oppositions of these doctrines are possible. £2.80

Religion, the Reformation and Social Change

Second Edition
H. R. Trevor-Roper

This stimulating series of essays in based on the problem of the crisis in government, society and ideas which occurred both in England and Europe between the Reformation and the mid-seventeenth century. £5.50

Two new titles in Studies in Economic History series

General Editor: M. W. Flinn

Depression and Recovery?

British Economic Growth 1918-1939

B. W. E. Alford

In this book Dr. Alford evaluates Britain's economic performance between the wars, discusses the many factors influencing the economy during these years and critically examines conflicting interpretations of the subject. 80p

The Relief of Poverty 1834-1914

Michael E. Rose.

This book presents a concise survey of the treatment of poverty in Britain between the New Poor Law and the outbreak of the First World War. 50p

Macmillan

mathematics, which for him represent neither learning nor discovery, but result from "reflective abstraction", itself one manifestation of more general "convergent reconstructions" with "overtaking". (Piaget's *dépassement*, or "passing beyond", is weakly translated as "overtaking", which until recently meant only "making up on".) Though somewhat intimidating, these new terms merit careful consideration: this passing beyond is the main constructive and a relatively novel feature in Piaget's outlook. It is neither reductionist nor holist, and one fertile and specific idea such as this is worth a world of vague theorizing.

The self-regulating organism or population, in following its own internal laws, can go beyond mere adaptation. The organism at all levels, including its genetic system, being self-regulatory in Piaget's strengthened sense, transcends any restriction to static units of heredity, i.e. to non-regulated mutations or recombinations. This formative surplus becomes in man the creative imagination, whether in the adult or in the child, whose capacity not merely to learn and to discover, but to create for itself, Piaget has himself observed. His "passing beyond" is an idea which challenges us to weigh it fairly. He could be right.

Parts of this book are difficult; it is for a future generation of biopsychologists to achieve greater clarity and brevity. In the meantime the publishers and translator have our thanks for a fine volume, from the French version of 1967. There is a good index, but no bibliography, and it is often difficult to identify references.

Ludwig von Bertalanffy, the theoretical biologist now at the State University of New York, Buffalo, known for his *Problems of Life*, was among the first to stress the need for theoretical biology, to develop organismic views, and to treat the organism as an open hierarchical system. He was also one of the founders of the "Society for General Systems Research" (a title chosen, he says, is less pretentious than "General System Theory") and a festschrift in his honour will appear shortly. Bertalanffy's work has been valuable because he repeatedly called attention to aspects of organisms which, though obvious to some, had been neglected by most and emphasized by few.

Apart from one chapter, this volume is a reprint of nine papers, biological, philosophical and social.

What makes us tick?

RITCHIE R. WARD:
The Living Clocks
119pp. Collins. £2.50.

Living organisms, from one-celled plants to man himself, react to a great variety of impulses, many of which are rhythmic and permit them to respond to time change; organisms are either endowed with, or are themselves, living clocks. Ritchie Ward has collected the most important experimental evidence about biochronometry and presented it in a form intelligible to the layman and acceptable to the scientist. Geographically, the work ranges from Norway to the South Pole and from Japan to Germany. Recurring activities of living things have periods differing over a very wide range, and the response to a stimulus varies with the phase of the rhythmical cycle when it is received. Widely differing views have been held whether the rhythm is learnt or inherited or whether it depends on reaction to cosmic stimuli. The problems have attracted a long and distinguished line of biologists whose observations have not always been understood.

Early observations were followed by experiments on nastic movements and tropisms in plants. Twentieth-century biologists have used such techniques as statistical analysis, radar study, and the electron micro-

scope. There have been biochemical and biophysical studies of controlled mechanisms at cellular level, behavioural studies of whole organisms and precise physiological investigations. Work at the South Pole determined that diurnal environmental variables associated with the earth's rotation had no influence on the basic mechanism of an organism's biological clock, and later work associated the mechanism with the control system for nucleic acid metabolism.

Though much of the evidence conflicted, it has now led to information on such diverse themes as how bees orientate themselves, how plants respond to long and short periods of daylight, how birds navigate by day and night, how flying foxes respond to light, and how cockroaches know when to come out. Other implications concern the effect of long-distance aeroplane travel, the effects of travel in outer space, and the incidence of cyclical diseases in humans. Many of the records are not easily available and Mr Ward has made use of the major contributions for his important study. *The Living Clocks* also stimulates thought of other instances where response to an impulse is linked with natural environmental phenomena and suggests the wide implications of biochronometry on human health "beyond tomorrow".

Readers interested in these special ideas must be warned that this volume does not give an objective survey. As the author candidly states, "the purpose... is to present the author's point of view, rather than a neutral view of the field". Fair enough: collected works of leading thinkers are normally subject to this limitation. But unfortunately claims are made on the question of priority. In the history of general ideas, such as the author's, "priority" has little meaning and draws attention away from the more important, continuously changing balance of opinion and the slowly developing awareness of the implications of new concepts. Beside Bertalanffy's achievements, his claims of priority are, for many reasons, counter-productive. Fortunately for the morale of scientific communities, nine out of ten have the sense to remain silent on this point.

These books raise a doubt: in the present situation, can any single mind comprehend all that a general biology must cover? For example, though both authors are directly concerned with the philosophy of biology neither discusses the significance of molecular biology (e.g. Crick/Watson, 1953), and neither, in this reviewer's judgment, has anything new to say about the mechanism by which organic regulation at all levels is achieved. The fresh ideas necessary for a future biological synthesis are not yet in sight.

W. H. ALLEN

THE LAST ENCOUNTER

Robin Maugham

A superb new novel based on an episode in the life of Gordon of Khartoum. £1.60

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY

Ann Pinchot & Mickey Deans

The tragic last years of the beloved singer, Judy Garland, as told by her last husband. £2.50

THE SUBVERTERS OF LIBERTY

J. Bernard Hutton

An immensely topical and penetrating study of subversion in Britain's industrial and social life. £2.50

THE COUPLE

Mr & Mrs K

A frank account of a young couple's experience as patients in the famous Masters and Johnson sex clinic. £2.00

SOME OF MY BEST JOKES ARE JEWISH

NERO

The first published collection of this humorous hilarious cartoons. £1.50

THE WEDGE

John Toft

(Foreword by Alan Sillitoe)
A promising new talent makes his debut with this novel set in the Potteries. £1.90

THE HIGH RISE

Leo Heaps

This novel about big business is an expose of the property development game. £2.50

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

Ed Zimmermann

A sparkling novel in which the life of a TV actor becomes dominated by the role he plays. £1.75

W. H. ALLEN

A division of Howard & Wyndham Ltd

MARK AMORY

Lord Dunsany

Lord Dunsany was one of the most distinguished, original and, incidentally, prolific of Irish writers. The best of his work will last as long as the English language, treasured for its wit, its beauty and its wild fighting fancy. Yet despite the passionate enthusiasm of a number of admirers comparatively little is known of him today.

Now, in this entertaining and highly accomplished biography, Mark Amory has produced a study worthy of both the man and his writing.

To be published on May 22

Also to be published, two of Dunsany's best loved and best remembered novels

MY TALKS WITH DEAN SPANLEY

THE CURSE OF THE WISE WOMAN

COLLINS

مكتبة الأص

The rude and the reserved

GEORGINA BLAKISTON:
Lord William Russell and his Wife
1815-1846
50pp plus 16 plates. John Murray.
£7.50.

This is an enchanting book. We are unlikely to see the publication of a more authoritative and revealing picture of the political aristocracy in the early decades of the nineteenth century than is to be found here. "Enchanting" is not perhaps the adjective which anyone would instinctively apply to the Russell family, because its members were blurt to the point of rudeness and reserved to the point of taciturnity. Lord Holland once said "if Russell, don't speak, it is no sign of a quarrel". When all are rude and all are silent such externals are accepted and, falling away, reveal, as is done by these letters, the true people behind the shell.

The head of the family at this time

Salon fodder

PRINCESS BIBESCO:
Rebuzing avec Paul Claudel
Correspondance inédite
210pp. Paris: Mercure de France.
26 fr.

Paul Claudel met Princess Bibesco, by the purest chance, at a Paris dinner-party; he chose to sit beside her and discuss her writing. He declared himself intrigued by one of her books, and they discussed the chapter on vampires in *Levior*. She left the house "confondue de surprise, ivre de reconnaissance envers lui, envers tout le monde". It was the beginning of a devoted friendship. Now Princess Bibesco commemorates it by publishing the letters of Claudel in her possession (some are lost to sight in Rumania). These seventy-eight pages of letters are preceded by a note on the friendship, and by the letters and postcards (seventy-nine pages, in all) which she sent him.

Princess Bibesco's introduction is a pleasant moment: it is warming to think of her, accompanied by Claudel, paying her visit, each spring, to the tree peony at

was John, Sixth Duke of Bedford; he was brother to Francis, the Fifth Duke, who had been the target for Burke's splendid invective beginning "Poor rich man". The Sixth Duke was a faithful Whig of generally cultivated tastes; he was married to a detestable Scotch wife; he was totally selfish, spent a fortune on himself and was really rather a delightful man. By his first marriage the Duke had three sons; the Seventh Duke, who was a morose, unhappy man; Lord William, who is the "hero" of this book; and the Prime Minister Lord John. There are a great many letters from Lord John, and it is obvious that posterity, which looks on him as something of a pedant, will have to read his character more attentively. He was in fact gay, fond of ladies and highly amusing, and possibly slightly in love with his sister-in-law Lady William. He begged her not to desert the Whig faith of the family because Toryism was more genteel: "It may be so—but baser hearts than those

which often lurk beneath a Star" do not know. Although his grandson, Bertrand Russell, liked to pretend that he was something of a sport, exhibiting variations from the parent stock, it is clear from this book that his bluntness of diction, his love of ladies and a certain disagreeableness were all inherited qualities.

When we come to the central characters of the book, Lord and Lady William, we can only feel that they are indeed a baffling pair. Lord William was clearly a man of many attainments and great capacity. He fought in the Peninsular War, was later aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, MP for Bedford (until his family, to his great indignation, removed him for failing to go near the place) and finally a diplomat. His outstanding successes here were to arrange a cease-fire between the Dutch and the Belgians in 1831, and after the fall of Dom Miguel in Portugal to encourage moderation in those who had overthrown him. He explained to Lord John that as a diplomat "I am only of use on a scene of action. In a passive scene—he is here alluding to Germany where he went after Portugal—"I am not worth one straw."

In the world of fashion, especially by Princess Lieven and Lady Holland, he was regarded as delightful company; but in his work he was liable to bursts of unreasonableness. He accurately described himself when he wrote: "I am the most indecisive and apathetic of God's creatures till roused; when my feelings overpower me I am a sort of savage." For example, he could write a diatribe against principlism to his father pointing out that it embled the Duke to have Wolburn, Endleigh and other homes but "no house for me". When he had to go to court at Wittenberg to announce the death of the Duke of Gloucester, "I was seized with such an irresistible desire to laugh that I am afraid the Queen perceived it". (In diplomacy he was not alone in this kind of difficulty, for did not Queen Victoria once order a diplomat to take a less humorous view of royal funerals?)

In those days diplomats were liable to be displaced at the advent of a government with different political opinions from that which made the appointment. When this was

threatened as a possibility he wrote off airily to a friend that "what would annoy and perplex me most is what the world would call good fortune—diplomatic promotion". Yet when the Tories came in in 1841 and subsequently the Queen's permission had to be obtained to withdraw the dispatch from the record.

Lady William was obviously highly entertaining and extremely beautiful. The often quoted lines from "Beppo" were written about her:

I never saw but one (the stars with-drawn)
Whose bloom could after dancing days
the dawn.

Yet as a wife she must have been purgatory. She was first cousin to Lady Flora Hastings and it is possible that she inherited some of the instability of that lady's family. Her life was itinerant; she moved from European capital to European capital, loving Vienna and Austria best of all. She was constantly announcing her departure for England, but movement seldom followed the announcement. Lord and Lady William had three sons: the eldest settled in England and became the Ninth Duke, the second was Lord Arthur who was to become a distinguished Liberal MP, and the youngest, Otto, was to win renown in diplomacy. Lady William was invariably accompanied by her mother, Mrs Rawdon. The wife of the British Ambassador to France once said that there were two things which she dreaded about Paris: one was the laxative nature of the Seine water and the other was Mrs Rawdon.

Though always an affectionate "granny" she must have been an intolerable burden to Lord William. But we also learn from a lively writer (Crewey) that, tiresome as was the mother, the daughter was worse. After meeting Lady William, Crewey wrote: "I have never seen a woman that I hate so much as Lady William Russell... there is a pretence, a presumption and a laying down the law about her that are quite intolerable." She says one thing about her husband which possibly confirms what Crewey says: "Lord William dreads her heckling amazingly as it is in the

family" (she is referring by the words to the Scotch Duke's form of a question: "What would he do if he is bound to face a person of a haughty, violent, irritable, discomfited temper?" What Lord William did perhaps inevitable but demotivated. He formed a second marriage with a fascinating Frenchwoman, Madame de Haber. For it was in French, and these are the highlights of the book, that Lord William's "ostentatious" "littératures" of the time, given the means an extremely bad impression of the morals of the English aristocracy, which, it may be added, was to be the ground for later criticism of the character of King Edward VII.

One question in particular prompted by reading this book is characteristic of the whole Russell family: to choose totally unreservedly? Certainly this was the Sixth Duke and of most of his successors in title down to the Tenth Duke. Was it not also true of John and of both his Russell sons—John and Bertrand? This kind of drifting into marriage, explained by a certain lack of business in the family? Over and over again Lord William refers to the "necessity of spirits and even to the necessity of a man suffering with low spirits to retire from the world in the same way that a madman would move from the world and continue his ordinary life, low-spirited as he has been, but there is no sign of us so soon as the quill touches the paper. Lord William's eloquence tells us: "We write most acutely in letters to each other—but in our correspondence." It is fairly does.

The editing of the material is the very highest order and contributes to the vitality of the book. In fact Georgina Blakiston has patiently worried out any other which might puzzle her reader but they are not only deeply in her debt but can look forward to reading the book with effortless enjoyment.

Tellers of tales

BY THOMAS KILROY



Thomas Kilroy.

own contemporaries outside Ireland understood the term.

To a quite bewildering degree the protagonists of much Irish fiction are themselves makers of fiction, either overt story-tellers or, at least, characters who have the persistent habit of modifying or transforming their own experiences by imaginative sleights. The questions that may preoccupy others today, the breakdown in the form of the novel or the emergence of an aggressive individual consciousness in fiction, are given a curious twist in Ireland.

I am attempting here to discuss the experience of writing fiction in modern Ireland. There is very little point in trying to do so without first acknowledging the special circumstances of our tradition. For though it is true to say that Ireland is at the present moment undergoing its second and, perhaps, more important revolution of this century, we are still what we came from. Even with such a young tradition we already have our classics. But the contemporary Irish writer of fiction must surely be aware that his local heritage differs in kind from that of an English or a French writer. Its difference has to do with the emergence of Irish fiction, both novel and short-story, from a culture which already had its native, long-standing, oral mode of fictionalizing experience, a mode that has continued to challenge the composition of literary fiction even to the present day. The oral story-teller, of course, has departed, but his genius is still in the people.

Each of the three Irish writers of fiction in this century who may claim without dispute the attention

of a modern, non-Irish reader, Joyce, Flann O'Brien and Beckett, has accommodated within his work this zest for the anecdotal. But each has made of it something more. Each of the three is concerned, primarily, with the fate of language, its obligations to communicate and the limits of that communication. In each, the illusion of received fictions, fictions that might be the property of anyone, is secondary, inferior, to the illusion of fiction-making itself, the portrait of the imagination in action. As with all the central novels of modern writ-

ing, the true heroes of Joyce, Flann O'Brien and Beckett are the authors themselves.

At *Swim Two Birds*, from one point of view, is a superb compendium of anecdotes; however, one may also see it as a comic map of Ireland, an appalling and hilarious competition of narratives, the very clarity of which is illusory since when all (professedly) is told, the untellable becomes a reality. In *Ulysses*, the yarn, the anecdote, is the property of the public Dubliners in the book, their sufficiency, their way of coping with birth and death and all between. Set against this are voices of a very different kind: introverted, private, domestic, the voices of Stephen, Bloom and Molly, voices of a different order because they are directed in the first place to the self and thereby to that area of consciousness in the reader that is private, asocial and ultimately anarchic. It is one of the serious purposes of Joyce in the novel to subvert most forms of public rhetoric, and this includes the spurious conclusiveness of the anecdote, the dogma in anecdote.

To move through Beckett's trilogy is to move through a mind obsessed with stories, story-telling, the tolling of stories rather than the telling; for the procession is a final cortege of that ubiquitous Irish voice, nudging, tapel-tugging, master of the confessional appetite abroad, now absurd in decency since his audience has been reduced to one: himself. The anonymity of the Unnamable is at the furthest remove from that of the folk story-teller who achieved his anonymity through the exuberance,

the multiplicity of the experience to hand. The Unnamable is a product of elimination, and in the elimination of anecdote he would seek his freedom from the ultimate incarceration of fiction, the crowding of characters, the clamour of other voices. The predicament—and it is a profound one—is that in the very act of articulating this achievement the Unnamable has named himself, has made a residual fiction, which even in the fragmented syntax of the final pages of the novel re-echoes the tyranny of anecdote.

To speak of these writers in this way is to speak of them from a narrow, provincial viewpoint and to attest that even then their work converges on the central issue of modern writing. It is to acknowledge a great clearing of the ground for writers who would follow them in their own country, since what has been insisted in their work is the book above "the book of the people", the principle of composition above collaboration, cultivation over and above the vitality of a particular culture. It is true to say that after these writers certain traditional Irish ways of seeing and shaping experience have become obsolete or, if they are used without self-consciousness in writing, they present a faded look, an appeal to nostalgia. The prime example of this is the idiom, the rhythm of traditional story-telling.

But if the anecdote is at the centre of so much Irish fiction, to be accounted for as a hazard, fantasy at its periphery and frequently invades the whole structure. There is little point in illustrating the pervasive fantasy in Joyce, O'Brien and Beckett. But it is worth remarking that it also has a rich traditional base in Irish culture. And it, too, is alien to the form of the conventional European novel.

Fantasy offers a view of reality that is idiosyncratic, transcending material reality, and is cavalier in its treatment of time and space. In Irish fiction it is essentially mythopoetic and relies upon a response which

A MAJOR COLLECTION OF IRISH WRITINGS

For the first time these volumes may be purchased on an individual basis

IN THE SEVEN WOODS

by W. B. Yeats
Three hundred and twenty-five copies
July 1903 £5.50

STORIES OF RED HANRAHAN

by W. B. Yeats
Five hundred copies
August 1904 £5.50

DISCOVERIES

by W. B. Yeats
Two hundred copies
September 1907 £5.50

DEIDRE OF THE SORROWS

by John M. Synge
with preface by W. B. Yeats
Two hundred and fifty copies
May 1910 £4.50

THE DEATH OF SYNGE

by W. B. Yeats
Four hundred copies
May 1928 £5.50

PASSAGES FROM THE LETTERS OF JOHN BUTLER YEATS

selected by Ezra Pound
Four hundred copies
February 1917 £4.50

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

by W. B. Yeats
Four hundred copies
October 1917 £5.50

THE KILTARTAN POETRY BOOK

by Lady Gregory
Four hundred copies
August 1918 £4.50

ARABLE HOLDINGS

by F. R. Higgins
Three hundred copies
October 1913 £4.50

THE WORDS UPON THE WINDOW PANE

by W. B. Yeats
Three hundred and fifty copies
January 1934 £5.50

BROADSIDES

a collection of old and new songs with coloured illustrations and music, edited by W. B. Yeats and F. R. Higgins with an introductory essay autographed by the editors.
One hundred copies
December 1935 £5.50

BROADSIDES

a collection of new Irish and English songs with coloured illustrations and music, edited by W. B. Yeats and Dorothy Wellesley with an introductory essay autographed by the editors.
One hundred and fifty copies
December 1937 £5.50

LAST POEMS AND TWO PLAYS

by W. B. Yeats
Five hundred copies
June 1939 £5.50

A LAMENT FOR ART O'LEARY

translated from the Irish by Frank O'Connor, with six illustrations by Jack B. Yeats, R.H.A.
One hundred and thirty copies
May 1940 £7.00

VETERANS AND OTHER POEMS

by Donagh MacDonagh
Two hundred and seventy copies
April 1941 £4.50

THE GREAT HUNGER

by Patrick Kavanagh
Two hundred and fifty copies
April 1942 £4.50

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCOURAGEMENT

by W. B. Yeats
Fifty copies not for sale
October 1913 £4.00

THE HOUR GLASS

by W. B. Yeats
Fifty copies not for sale
January 1914 £5.50

WILD APPLES

by Oliver Gogarty
Fifty copies privately printed
Easter 1928 £4.50

MOSADA

by W. B. Yeats
Fifty copies privately printed
October 1943 £5.50



THE CUALA PRESS

During its forty-three years of existence, the Cuala Press published the work of almost all the Irish authors of consequence. It is impossible to over-emphasize the importance of this distinguished press in the context of the Irish literary revival.

All of these books were originally issued in limited editions, and many contain material which has not since been reprinted, including fourteen titles containing contributions by Yeats himself.

Originally seventy-seven titles only were made generally available and in addition to these, we have included the most important of the privately printed volumes.

IRISH UNIVERSITY PRESS

ANNOUNCING AN ORIGINAL MICROFORM PUBLICATION

Archives of British Men of Science

Edited by Dr. Roy MacLeod

A study group at Sussex University has traced and collated the papers of some 3,500 men and women who contributed to various scientific fields between 1850 and 1939. This work, the publication of which was impracticable except in microform, will be of fundamental importance to research workers.

Approx. fifty microfiches, with accompanying Index and Guide.
SBN: 7201 0281 2 £20

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Current Accounting Literature 1971

A catalogue of books and pamphlets in the Members' Reference Library of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales at August 31 1971

This bibliography puts into circulation a more comprehensive and up-to-date record of publications on accountancy and related subjects than has previously been available. There are 6,188 author entries, nearly 8,000 subject entries and a subject index. Details of some 200 periodicals, case law holdings and sources of financial information complete this volume.

Supplements are planned to ensure that this remains an up-to-date work of reference.
600 pages 8.5 x 2.25 in. SBN: 7201 0292 8 Paperback edition £5.00
Hardback edition £7.50

Mansell • Bloomsbury Place, London WC1A 30A, England

A hawk in the hen run

MARGARET LANE:

Frances Wright and the "Great Experiment"
50pp. Manchester University Press.
£1.20.

The "Great Experiment" was the United States. In 1811, as a girl of sixteen, Frances Wright learnt of its existence through the chance reading of a history of the American War of Independence by Carlo Giuseppe Botta, and had no rest until, after searching through atlases, she found an Atlantic coastline marked "United States". So it was true! There really was "a country consecrated to freedom, in which man might wake to the full knowledge and full exercise of his powers". In that moment one of the more remarkable pioneer women of the nineteenth century found her vocation.

Frances Wright was the daughter of a rich and radical Dundee linen merchant. She lost both her parents when she was two years old and, with her younger sister Camilla, was put into the care of her maternal grandfather and an aunt. The change meant neither hardship nor neglect. The little girls, who were wards in Chancery, were heiresses; their grandfather was a general; their aunt, who remained unmarried, an amiable youngish woman who brought them up at her country-house at Dawlish. Camilla was in her true element. Frances, clever, moody, "difficult", drunk on literature and philosophy, was a hawk in the hen-run of the feminine society of the period. She broke with her aunt when she was eighteen, and

decamped to the home of a great-uncle, a Glasgow professor, where she had the run of a large library in which to pursue the American dream.

In 1818 the dream became reality. Trailing the unfortunate Camilla in her wake, she sailed for the land of the free. Thanks to introductions she was involved in a rush of activity which lasted two years; she came home to publish a book, *Views of Society and Manners in America*, which outraged Tory opinion in this country.

Her next visit was decisive. For the first time she saw the realities of Negro slavery and vowed that the freeing of slaves would be one of the causes to which she would devote her life. She bought 2,000 acres of virgin land in Tennessee to establish a farming community where a small number of slaves, bought in the open market, were to be educated for freedom and finally settled outside the United States. In essence the scheme was less hard-borne than might appear: something of the kind had already been achieved by a few Quakers. In practice, the land proved malarial, the slaves indolent and unenterprising, and some of her European collaborators less than ideal. Also, an establishment where, as Frances wrote, "affection shall form the only marriage... respect for the feelings and liberties of others the only restraint" could scarcely fail to arouse scandal—a scandal that broke when she had to leave to recuperate from fever. Even Frances had to acknowledge failure. She pulled out, having lost half her fortune, but not with-

out settling the slaves in the old republic of Haiti.

She was still only thirty-five years old, and she found a fresh mission. She would campaign for a national system of education for every child in the United States, white or black, the abolition of slavery, the repeal of the death penalty, the financial, political and legal equality of women, among other objectives. And this was in 1830. The twenty-two years which lay ahead were to be filled with lecturing on both sides of the Atlantic, with copious writing, and marriage to Phileas J. Follen, an intelligent, eccentric French physician who had worked in Robert Owen's colony at New Harmony, to whom she had a daughter. Perhaps it was inevitable that they should have been dragged apart in the tempest of activity in which both were involved, but it seems so nevertheless. One feels that both could have searched half the world without finding a partner to whom he or she was fundamentally so well suited.

Margaret Lane has produced an altogether admirable monograph which brings a fascinating and deservedly forgotten character sharply to life. Incidentally, it poses a question. Suppose Frances Wright had lived a century and a half later, and instead of being turned loose in a library, had enjoyed a strenuous conventional education: would her brilliant natural gifts have been more effectively developed, or would the ardour, the energy and the originality have been ironed out of her?

Donagh MacDonagh and Brendan Behan. The Abbey still goes on touring, but because of the Abbey's Irishness, it is not the play of the Abbey directors, but the Irish people who are the main concern.

What is the future of Irish drama? It will be most dependent on the slow process of development of the Irish mind, and it will shape and be shaped by political events. In this sense, I am not concerned with buildings and subsidies. In Dublin, two theatres, the Abbey and the Gate, receive almost adequate state funds. The Gate had, when Edwards and MacDonagh were active there. Another national theatre company is to be formed this year. Its only cultural director is the current command: 'Four' in Belfast, the Tyrone is kept alive by Arts Council money.

And it is no help to the Irish dramatist to look outside Ireland, because his situation is substantially different from the French or English or German or American dramatist. Playwrights in other countries carry on or adjust or revolt against the rich tradition they are heirs to. Their function is to illuminate the condition of their people, as they see it, in forms that are determined to a large extent by that condition. Hence Artaud, Peter Brook, Roger

Planchon, Brecht, theatre of the absurd, happenings, theatre of fact, theatre of the epic, black theatre, etc. etc. Hence, indeed, the lesser concern with Irish theatre can best and most effectively be realized in a busy stage, open stage, thrust stage, in factories, warehouses, cafeterias, clubs, on the streets. None of these concerns has ever touched us. Not, I think in this case, another example of our in-living, but simply because we are still too busy with beginnings. Matter is our concern, not form.

In a recent newspaper article, Benedict Kiely, commenting on the work of John McGahern and Edna O'Brien, said that until they appeared,

no Irish writer that I can think of ever spoke to the young in terms of patriotism, yes, and the rising of the nation, and did that play of mine out on certain men the English shot. But not about domestic matters like misanthropy around which the adults and the young, or the passing or failing of examinations, or the domination of a young father, or a mother dying slowly of a dread disease, or a young girl wondering what it was all about and being determined to find out.

Apart from the fact that the claim is dubious and brutal as a summary of the fictional themes of Mr McGahern and Miss O'Brien, it is remark-

able that Mr Kiely should let these topics as major concerns of the young or of artists. It reads like an advertisement for strong human-interest, half-hour television plays. Happily we are not as far behind the scratch line as that. If we were, the International Theatre Festival in Dublin would be an event to be avoided.

So what of the future? It looks as if the slow process will be severely jolted. It requires no gift of prophecy to foresee that the revolt in Northern Ireland is going to spread to the Republic; and if you believe that art is an instrument of the revolutionary process, then you can look forward to a spate of committed plays. I do not believe that art is

a servant of any movement. But during the period of unrest I can foresee that the two allegiances that have bound the Irish imagination—loyalty to the most authoritarian church in the world and devotion to a romantic ideal we call Kathleen—will be radically altered. Faith and Fatherland: new definitions will be forged, and then new loyalties, and then new social groupings. It will be a bloody process. And when it has subsided, the Irish imagination, that vivid, slovenly, anarchic, peevish, alien to the eternal, impatient with the here and now instrument will have to set about shaping and interpreting the new structure in art forms.

Meanwhile, in Germany Hoch-

huth writes surrealistic dramas about human responsibility. England Edward Bond writes the violent self-destruction of a kind. In France Planchon changes in all its forms. In America Edward Albee writes of the ability of human communication. And in Ireland, as I write, the capitalists' three largest—Bourgeoisie, the bourgeoisie, the bourgeoisie—capitulate on the stage. Cinderella on the stage. Robin Hood on the stage. The book Nero and his fiddle for a Irish season.

Irish, novelist and playwright, is author of Philadelphia, Pa. Come.

The Tramp and the Changeling

Letters to Molly

John Millington Synge to Maire O'Neill 1906-1909

Edited by Ann Suddlemeyer

330pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £5.25.

Although the brilliant young actress, Maire O'Neill, played the part of Peggy Mike in Synge's exhilarating comedy, *The Playboy of the Western World*, and that of Deirdre in his last tragedy, there were few references to him in writings of the time. Years, for instance, in the diary which he published shortly after the dramatist's death, mentions her only in passing. It was not until 1959, when the official biography of Synge by David H. Greene and Edward M. Stephens was published, that attention was drawn to Synge's fiancée by the inclusion of several of his letters to her. This silence resulted from the disapproval of Lady Gregory, Yeats, and others, of the intended marriage for social reasons.

Ann Suddlemeyer is surprised by the rigorous adherence to Victorian social differences shown by distinguished writers. With ironic intent, she depicts the situation: Nor could their backgrounds have been more different: Synge, the son of a barrister and landowner, descendant of bishops and academics, graduate of Trinity College Dublin, a cosmopolitan who could read six languages and for many years spent half of his time in Paris.

In contrast to "Maire O'Neill" was the daughter of a "dour Orangeman", George Allgood, who was vigorously opposed to his children being brought up as "papists" by his Catholic wife. Mrs Allgood had her way despite much quibbling, and it is interesting to learn that she was partly of Danish extraction; unfortunately we are given no details. When Molly Allgood became an actress, she took her grandmother's name, O'Neill.

Dr Suddlemeyer has had quibbles in bringing out this bulky collection of letters: Although Molly has been dead for almost twenty years, and Synge for over sixty, one cannot help but feel distress at the violation of his most secret self through the publication of these letters. But Fanny Brawne's admission to Keats's first biographer holds even more truth today. "If his life is to be published no part ought to be kept back."

Because Synge, as a Director of the Abbey Theatre, had to be discreet in meeting an actress, there are about 400 extant letters. Moreover, Maire O'Neill was busy rehearsing and acting during the week, so they could meet only at the weekend. The correspondence shows surprisingly that Synge, despite his reserve and silence, was as outspoken and addicted to gossip as any other author when writing intimately. However, Dr Suddlemeyer's hesitancy was hardly necessary, for there are no undue revelations in the letters. They are eager, cheerful—apart from occasional moods of despondency—and addressed by "your old Tramp" to "My dearest Changeling." Unfortunately for the curious, Synge destroyed the replies to his love-letters, probably before his last illness, whether he was left wondering whether his beloved tired at times of this lowly nickname.

Synge was thirty-five when he fell in love with this girl of nineteen and

it is surprising to find that he plagued himself with jealous fears. His particular *hôte notie* being "Dossie" Wright, the stage carpenter:

It seems to have been a different occasion of walking with Dossie. I might have heard of some time when he had B. O'D. on one arm and you on the other—so I was more hurt than ever. As for your excuse you are as well able to keep on your feet as anyone I know, and even if you weren't, a sprained ankle is a trifle compared with what you have made me suffer.

Sometimes he becomes the pedagogue, urges his vivacious "changeling" to improve her mind, and gives her books by R. L. Stevenson and others. Later he advised her to keep a journal of meetings and events, but without success.

The other directors of the Abbey were shocked by Synge's secret excursions in Co Wicklow with Maire O'Neill, but Miss Hottelmann, the patroness of the theatre, who disliked him, would have thought the worst. On one occasion she remarked to Yeats: "Three months of one girl on his knee doubtless leads him to wish for a change." On those weekend walks the couple took the Long Car from Bray to Glenkerry, rambled in Glenageary, or toiled up the long hill by the Sugarloaf Mountain to the heatherland of Calver. Dr Suddlemeyer speaks of them strolling along deserted country roads, lying

Abbey prelude

ROBERT HOGAN and JAMES KILROY (editors)

Last Plays of the Irish Renaissance 84pp. Proscenium Press. Distributed by Colin Smythe. £1.75.

The Irish dramatic movement, which started at the turn of the century, was clearly the outcome of an imaginative need. The example of W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn, encouraged younger writers to turn to the stage, and soon amateur groups were formed in order to put on their plays. The six short pieces selected by Robert Hogan and James Kilroy bring us close to the literary excitement and activity which led in a few years to the founding of the Abbey Theatre.

Four of the plays appeared in periodicals, and it is interesting to note that they tend towards the realism advocated by Edward Martyn, a devoted admirer of Ibsen. Fred Ryan, who was the first Secretary of the Irish National Theatre Society, was a prominent journalist with strong socialist views, that alarmed many. The manuscript of his play, *The Laying of the Foundation*, performed in 1902 at the Antient Concert Rooms in Dublin, was lost until the present edition found part of it among the Frank Fay papers in the National Library of Ireland. It consists of the second of the two scenes and according to contemporary accounts contains almost all the plot. Michael O'Sullivan, a young quantity surveyor, discovers that his father is the owner of a large amount of slum property and is engaged in dubious negotiations with the Chairman of the "New Building Syndicate". The confrontation between father and son provides the dramatic centre of the play; it is vigorous and effective.

in the line, eating *franchises*, ending down to Kilmorenagh, then in a country cottage. Synge's few rough lines of verse:

Our boundless joy, who were in love, Kissing from ear to ear, from that

But in his volume of poems, which is a kind of verse, "strong men, thieves and darts." In the later letters Synge describes his marriage and the play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, which he was working. An anecdotal medical report on his health dated October, 1907: "I got a 'Dossie' (it yesterday and I wrote 10 of it in great spirits and joy, but I know that that is only the part. Unfortunately his malady, which puzzled the specialists, rapidly ended. Nevertheless, he told much of his life at his play which amounted to a thousand pages of rough work. In May, 1908, he removed to a nursing-home in operation. His last brief note, sent in cover in case of death, deeply moving:

My dearest I love, this is a mere boy, poor child, in case anything comes to me tomorrow to be good-bye and ask you to be good, and not to forget the good we've had and the beautiful things we've seen together. Your old friend

The operation was unsuccessful

To the Editor

The State of English

As the one don, past or present, is actually mentioned in the Oxford instalment of the State of English (March 10) may be permitted to take your Special Correspondent's implied moral one stage further. The subject is one to which I am almost alone—only at Oxford—in my habit of circling questionnaires both to dons and undergraduates and in analysing the results in detail. The evidence that I was not reassured.

School, as it now is, is something of a mystery. When, for example, does English language begin? The Oxford English Dictionary tells us that it began in the second of the twelfth century, the year 1150, its absolute terminus *a quo*, designated as "Old English", the end of the Anglo-Saxons, which is not a very far-fetched language (as noted by *Rowell* immediately demon-

strated as being smuggled into our language as a compulsory subject. *Saxon* is not English, but one of the predecessors of the Latin and the English of the Middle Ages. The English of the Middle Ages is not English, but one of the predecessors of the Latin and the English of the Middle Ages. The English of the Middle Ages is not English, but one of the predecessors of the Latin and the English of the Middle Ages.

There is indeed a crisis in English Studies and David Mervin's letter is a symptom of it; but the crisis should be seen in turn as a function of a much larger moral upheaval in society to which the Cambridge English is indelibly represented, conscious and inevitably partial response. "Scientificity" in the face of this challenge looks more like cowardice than anything else, and a specially parochial loss of nerve at that, at a time when other subjects (sic) sociology, history, and most heartening of all, moral philosophy, are returning to acknowledge the honour due to the concomitance of fact and value, to the particularities of moral conduct, and to the necessity that truth and truth conflict.

It is not clear, however, is that the integrated moral system of the Middle Ages is being wasted in not only in the integrated moral system of the Middle Ages, but in the integrated moral system of the Middle Ages. It is not clear, however, is that the integrated moral system of the Middle Ages is being wasted in not only in the integrated moral system of the Middle Ages, but in the integrated moral system of the Middle Ages.

FRED INGLIS

School of Education, University of Bristol.

Sir, George Steiner's letter (March 10) is in some respects misleading, partly because of its acceptance of your Special Correspondent's erroneous statement (February 25) that Dr Steiner has been excluded from the present Fellowship of the English Faculty. This is not the place to discuss these proposals, or to submit statistics Oxford's failure to elect itself to the special case of a "moral system" which is being wasted in not only in the integrated moral system of the Middle Ages, but in the integrated moral system of the Middle Ages.

F. W. BATESON, Fellow, Corpus Christi College, Oxford. We are sorry that in his article on the Special Correspondent may have implied that the resident English Professor are relatively few in number, and a Fellowship; Mr. Bateson is a Fellow in 1963, and the College is now preparing to elect a new

There is no *haute école* more distinguished than that learnt second-hand at the Collège de France school of thought. David Mervin's article (March 3). Like the first church of the Middle Ages, it is obliged to caricature the first church of the Middle Ages, it is obliged to caricature the first church of the Middle Ages, it is obliged to caricature the first church of the Middle Ages.

cluded such speakers as the Master of Wolfson College, Oxford, and Professor Denis Harding. He has also on occasion been asked to supervise research.

Dr Steiner is mistaken in thinking that the Faculty of English "dispensed" by active exclusion of (mission) with the services of L. A. Richards and William Empson. Professor Richards held a University lectureship from 1926 to 1938, when he resigned it to take up an appointment at Harvard; Professor Empson left Cambridge in his mid-thirties, and it would not appear that the Faculty played any part in his decision.

HOWARD FRSKINE-HILL, Secretary to the English Faculty Board, Jesus College, Cambridge.

Sir,—"The State of English-4" (March 3) your Special Correspondent wrote that "in common with the other universities I have been visiting, it had been a long time since East Anglia had any home for student writers." It is a pity he could not have come to Lancaster, since we have been able to do the following during the past five or six years:

Run two Arts Festivals, each of which gave rise to a substantial poetry booklet which in my considered critical opinion was quite good enough to offer for sale around the country—I have sold last evening classes and the like many dozens of both.

Secondly, produce roughly twice yearly since 1966 a magazine, *Continuum*, which has been mentioned favourably in the weeklies and on the BBC and which has printed mainly student (plus some staff) creative writing.

Thirdly, produce (this month) an anthology, *Dark Mill Shadow*, consisting of poetry either written by people working here (both students and staff) or written by poets who have visited us to give readings.

Fourthly, launch a two-year course in Original Writing, the second year of which counts fully as one of the options for the student's final degree. It was argued that this could not be objectively assessed and had no place in a Department of English. In fact the first time round (last June) the internal and external examiners were in almost complete agreement on the quality of the awarded, and still more important, the course has enabled students to break out of the tiny-point syndrome which has been so common and to settle down over a period of many months to write substantial prose fiction of, in several cases, quality that I deem publishable.

I should like to see the body of university teachers who are interested that it is not hard to bring about a community situation in which writers (and singers and playwrights) flourish on the campus, and that if a little care is taken in organising and nurturing these, they can give rise to the kind of thriving "home for student writers" that your correspondent seemed to think were doomed to remain in stultify.

DAVID CRAIG, Department of English, University of Lancaster.

Sir,—A. S. Winder is not alone in hoping that I. A. Richards's vast contribution to literary studies should not pass unacknowledged (March 3); I feel sure that generations of students whose way has been lighted by Richards's burning intellect will agree. I am at present editing a book of essays by Richards, *Poetics: their Media and Ends*, which is to be published by Mouton and Co. of The Hague. Roman Jakobson's writing an introduction and the volume is due to appear in 1973 to celebrate Richards's eightieth birthday.

TREVOR EATON, 18 Highfield Road, Willesborough, Ashford, Kent.

Do Books Matter?

Sir,—I am not in a position to comment on Unesco and International Book Year, but the record needs to be put

straight as far as the above conference is concerned. Your obituary commentary of March 10 is wrong on several counts, but primarily in stating that it has been organized by Unesco although it has this body's backing and blessing. The Working Party on Library and Book Trade Relations has been organizing book conferences for years, and decided to put on something special in 1972, as our contribution to IBY. This time it is a joint effort with the National Book League, and the theme "Do Books Matter?" will be rigorously examined by no means all the speakers are on the side of the angels. A considerable body of opinion exists which believes that the book is doomed. This is a gloomy prospect for the 70s, which could well become another "species in danger of extinction".

B. H. BAUMFIELD, Chairman, The Working Party on Library and Book Trade Relations, 6 Meadow Mead, Radlett, Hertfordshire.

"The rhetorical question 'Do Books Matter?' and the question whether the book is doomed are seen to be quite distinct. If the theme of the conference is to be the second question, why call it by the first?"

The Abuses of Literacy

Sir,—I hope you will allow me space in your columns to correct the implication of a passage in Peter Frey's article "The Death of Censorship" (February 18). Unfortunately I have only just read this article. In it I find the statement that the organizer of the exhibition of Tantra Art at the Hayward Gallery "disdained the coyness and 'timidity' which marred Brian Renshaw's Beardsley Exhibition of the V & A five years ago, when several pictures could be viewed only by special application".

The allusion here is to five illustrations by Beardsley in a series of eight, only three of which were on public view in the exhibition. Had the exhibition been entirely my responsibility I would have hung the whole series; however, it was held in the V & A Museum where appropriate officers took the precaution of consulting members of the Home Office and Scotland Yard about putting the whole series of eight drawings on show in an officially sponsored exhibition, with the result that only three could in the event be shown. Even so, one of the three drawings was decidedly erotic and had never been publicly shown before or reproduced except in limited editions.

The exhibition opened in May 1966, and the date puts it back that much farther into a period when the climate of opinion on the subject of visual (as distinguished from literary) erotic art was untested in this country. Nor was the situation very different in the United States in the following year. When the Beardsley Exhibition was reconstructed in New York in 1967, I was prevented by the authorities from hanging more than the three drawings for which I was permitted to add one other in this series. Meanwhile I took the risk of reproducing the whole series in my book on Beardsley, published originally by Studio Vista in 1967, and I am fairly certain this book was the first to include explicit visual erotica offered for general distribution in England. That I was not prosecuted then may show after all that from 1967 onwards no member of the British public has thought it necessary to frustrate the publication of erotic works of art which are agreed to have decided merit and historic interest. And for this the Beardsley exhibition of 1966 should be given its due.

BRIAN READE, 6 Abingdon Villas, London W8.

Dryden's Juvenal

Sir,—Professor W. B. Carnochan's discovery and publication of the missing lines from Dryden's translation of Juvenal's Sixth Satire (January 23) will be of great value to students of later seventeenth-century poetry. Their authenticity seems to be beyond question, though whether they deserve to be regarded as paragonically, certainly a matter of individual taste. The tone of Professor Carnochan's commentary will puzzle some readers. Perhaps, because the subject is female sexual perversion, he treats these eight couplets as exhilarating, forbidden fruits of Dryden's imagination, as if female sexual behaviour somehow merited more curiosity than male.

More important, however, than the subject of the lines is the reason for their suppression. Professor Carnochan suggests that, even if previous translators of Juvenal had not ignored these passages, "the moral climate of the 1690s would probably have been decisive: the first of the societies for the reformation of manners, founded in 1694, in causing Dryden or his publisher, T. Dunson, to remove these sexually explicit descriptions from the text of *Satire VI* before publication.

It is hard to see what the "moral climate of the 1690s" has to do with it. The societies for the reformation of manners were not numerous. The first of them was formed about 1690, but there were only eight or nine in all, London by 1699. Spurred on by royal proclamations against vice, they displayed much officious zeal, but suffering from lack of experience, to say nothing of tact, in making accusations against public sin, so that many cases which out of court for lack of evidence. The societies did not always have the strong approval of the Church; small wonder, since some of them were close to being millenarian splinter groups, and dissenters were strong in others. The societies spent most of their energies in opposing those like drunkenness, gambling, swearing, profanation of the Sabbath, and (occasionally) prostitution. I know of no evidence that any of them was concerned with censorship of lewd publications, or, in fact, that there was any substantial decline in the lewdness of the popular press during the decade in question. Certainly public vice did not decline perceptibly, for the lamentations about it continue unabated until and during the age of Walpole. The societies, then, had a limited effect on public vice and, as far as is known, even less on morality as expressed in print.

Other badly, sexually explicit poems of the Restoration never found their way into print, as we can determine from a search of the British Museum Additional MSS containing poetry from the period. John Oldham's "Sardanapalus" (c. 1676), for example, perhaps the most notorious, has never been printed at all, even in excerpts. But I doubt whether the moral climate of the 1690s could have been the reason, for Oldham, like Dryden, wrote in a frank and sensual age. It is more likely that personal censorship, on the part of author or publisher, accounted for its suppression.

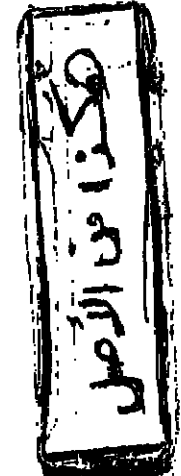
In Dryden's case, we need not look far for a reason, since Tonson was himself responsible for expurgating some of the books he printed. His ministrations to the text of Rochester's poems are well known, and he steadily purified the contents of the various *Miscellany Poems* he published. The moral climate could hardly have been decisive. For, as Professor Carnochan says, in attributing these lines to Dryden, "it is hard to imagine anyone else in the 1690s

Dr Gully Elizabeth Jenkins

This new book is the fictionalised life story of the much-maligned Dr Gully based on research and new information. Elizabeth Jenkins gives a detailed history of this handsome and successful owner of an enormous Malvern practice and his relationship with Florence Bravo which resulted in ruin for them both.

£4.50

Michael Joseph



Nelson the Commander

GEOFFREY BENNETT

Did Nelson really deserve the fame and honour that history has heaped upon him? Did his strategy match his tactical skill? What were his qualities as a sea commander? These are some of the questions to which the author seeks an answer.

Military Commanders Series 40 photographs 21 diagrams and maps £3.50

Townscape Painting and Drawing: The Development of Topographical Art

J. G. LINKS

The author traces the development of townscape painting from 15th century Flemish paintings to its development at the hands of Bellotto and Canaletto, and shows that, by the end of the 18th century, Townscape had become as accepted as Landscape, and has since remained so.

193 illustrations £5.00

London's First Railway:

The London & Greenwich

R. H. G. THOMAS

A full history of the origins and development of the line that ran from London Bridge to Greenwich. Opened in 1825, the viaduct carried two tracks; today, as one of the most important South Eastern lines, the viaduct carries 12. Much scholarship and research based on primary routes has gone into this book, which is enriched with 61 prints, photographs and maps.

£3.50

Bavaria

JAMES BUNTING

Castles, blue lakes, dense pine forests, snow capped peaks... These are the delights Bavaria has to offer the traveller. James Bunting knows Bavaria intimately and reminds us not only of its architectural and natural splendours, but that Bavaria also caters sumptuously for the inner man.

Countries of Europe Series 23 photographs £2.00

The Battle of Chess Ideas

ANTHONY SAIDY

The American International Master analyses the play of the great chess players of today revealing the mainsprings which make them great.

70 diagrams £2.00

BATSFORD

Tertiary powers

DAVID VITAL:
The Survival of Small States
160pp Oxford University Press, £2

Many paradoxical changes in the hierarchy of international relations have taken place since the Second World War. Great powers are more powerful than they used to be, since they alone have nuclear weapons; but in practice they never exercise that power. The top category of powers has grown much smaller, but the lower categories have increased in numbers. While the traditional nation-states have concluded that they are too small to be competitive with the super-powers, dozens of much smaller states have reached a sort of independence. The profile of the hierarchy has changed out of all recognition. Membership of the United Nations is more than double that of the League of Nations, and the gap in size and power between the greatest and smallest members has been vastly stretched. In these circumstances, the question how small states survive when their interests conflict with those of great powers has become an entirely new kind of issue.

It is partly a matter of definitions. Of the two key words in the title of David Vital's new book "survival" is ambiguous and "small" is relative. To take two of his own examples, Israel today is much smaller relative to the Soviet Union than Czechoslovakia was relative to Germany in 1938. Indeed it is an important part of Professor Vital's argument that Czechoslovakia could have successfully resisted Hitler by force of arms if President Beneš had not lost his nerve under unremitting pressure from the French and the British. At the very least he might have precipitated the general war which in fact Poland's resistance precipitated a year later in 1939. But in that event it is doubtful whether Czechoslovakia would have been much better off: probably the events of 1948 and 1967 would have come about in another form. These are necessarily mere speculations, but they lead to the question what, in such circumstances, is meant by "survival". If it is taken to mean a totally untrammelled independence and freedom of action, no small state can expect to enjoy it any longer in its relations with the great powers, and not many powers of the middle rank can either.

Survival therefore means a choice of position somewhere between reckless challenge and meek subservience. The former choice almost certainly leads to conquest by armed force, as the Czechs and Hungarians know to their cost. The safest and least undignified course is a measure of accommodation, as practised to perfection by the Finns. Of the three particular cases which Professor Vital examines in detail, the Finnish technique in dealing with the Russians is clearly his favourite. The Czechs in 1938 are severely criticized for defeatism, though, of course without acquitting the Western powers of still more disgraceful conduct. The case of Israeli relations with the Soviet Union is more complex, because there are two disputes in progress on different levels: one between the Soviet Union and

the United States and one between Israel and the Arab states. But Professor Vital himself is a teacher at an Israeli university, and it will be interesting to see what conclusion he will draw from the long run for Israel to maintain itself against Soviet pressure. His reasoning is that the Americans will eventually weary of the struggle; most of the Middle East will then fall under Russian domination, and "the problem for both Jews and Arabs will be how to come to terms with the Soviet Union without the hidden but substantial benefit of a parallel countervailing American presence".

The Israelis will then have no alternative, according to Professor Vital, but to adopt a Finnish style of diplomacy. He calls Finland "a paradigm for the future", which should become of general application. It may be that, like all generalizations from a single instance, this goes too far. Finland's position is admitted to be different from that of other minor powers in several respects. Although placed in an area of great strategic importance, it is not what Professor Vital calls a "grey area": in other words, it is clearly understood to be within the Soviet sphere of interest and there is no question of American power seeking to intrude there, for such an intrusion would be as pointlessly dangerous as Khrushchev's intrusion into Cuba. Moreover, there are no small-power disputes in the region, as there are in the Middle East and South-East Asia, to draw the great powers into an unwelcome confrontation. Finally, like all successful neutrals (Sweden and Switzerland, for example) Finland has very tough and well-armed forces. Indeed, in this sense, Finland is not truly a small power at all, any more than Czechoslovakia was in 1938.

Professor Vital's definitions are therefore not wholly satisfactory. He divides the states of the world into three categories and calls those which he is principally concerned—Czechoslovakia, Israel and Finland—"tertiary powers". But whereas before the Second World War the tertiary category was the lowest in terms of independent sovereignty, today it is not: there is a lower category which comprises something like a third of the members of the United Nations. They play an interesting and confusing part in the international scene which itself deserves study, for their survival is an even more speculative question than that of Israel or Finland. They also present a still more acute form of the problem which Professor Vital defines thus: "what appears to be difficult for the Soviet leaders to live with is a situation intermediate between total control... and a firm line of demarcation maintained by the rival primary power". This will be increasingly the problem of the African continent, where few states come even into the tertiary category; and the uncertainties which Professor Vital describes are all the greater when one of the primary powers is China. These problems remain for further exploration. Meanwhile Professor Vital has made a most helpful beginning with the three detailed case-studies which constitute the greater part of his book.

Supranational soldiers

MICHAEL HARBOTTLE:
The Blue Berets
157pp. Leo Cooper, £2.50

There is a tendency to be apologetic among champions of the United Nations. Emphasis is laid on good works rather than peacekeeping; and it is pointed out that, even if the Security Council has little to be proud of, the Economic and Social Council has done splendidly. The latter part of the proposition is on the whole true, but the first part is perhaps unduly critical. Such, at any rate, is the argument of Michael Harbottle, who is a robust and far from apologetic supporter of the organization to which he has himself given distinguished service as chief of staff to the peacekeeping force in Cyprus. That experience gave rise to an autobiographical work, *The Impartial Soldier*, a title which aptly sums up his conception of the role. Now he has written a more general account of such operations organized by the United Nations all over the world.

Five principal operations occupy a chapter each: Egypt, the Congo, Cyprus, West Iran and Korea. It can safely be said that few readers will find that any one of these chapters contains nothing new for him. In the case of West Iran it may well come as a surprise that there was such an operation at all. The operation in Korea is perhaps the best known, being in many ways unique. But it had one important feature in common with the operation in Egypt, namely that the United Nations was only able to function on one side of the line. In both cases, too, there had already been a UN mission on the spot for some years before the outbreak of hostilities, charged solely with the task of observation. A number of other missions of observation are listed in a separate chapter: for

instance, the Lebanon, the Yemen, and Kashmir. The one notable absence, which may be regretted, is the United Nations Special Committee on the Balkans, which conclusively proved in 1948-49 that the Greek communist rebels were actively supported from Albania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, though it inevitably failed in its second task of promoting reconciliation.

The most controversial of all the UN operations was undoubtedly that in the Congo. Brigadier Harbottle admits shortcomings of organization and administration, and he concedes that in one case (the attack on Katanga) the UN command "might be said to have acted outside their mandate, as prescribed" by the Security Council's resolutions. But he concludes that the overall result was a success and not a failure. It is a charitable judgment, which can be disputed. It is often said, for example, by men no less honourable and public-spirited than one of the great wrongs committed by the imperialist powers in Africa was to impose unnatural boundaries by force, without regard to race or common sentiment. From that it would seem to follow that the African peoples should be entitled to redraw their boundaries to suit themselves; yet the UN intervention in the Congo had the effect of preventing the Katangese from doing precisely that. Many arguments (principally economic) can be advanced in defence of the UN action, as well as others against it. But it is easy to believe that one of the most powerful influences of lay in the personal prejudices of the Irish diplomat in charge of the operation, who understandably held the view that "there must be no partition".

In contrast, the operation in Cyprus was wholly successful. Brigadier Harbottle naturally writes of it with special understanding, but he can be acquitted of any patent bias. The lessons of the Congo are learnt and applied. A virtual oblivion into which the operation has fallen is rightly emphasized by Harbottle. UNFICYP, as it is known, is one of the most intelligent young few cases in which one of the permanent members of the Council has been included by force. This occurred because British forces happened to be on the spot, but their readiness, their discipline and training contributed to the success of the operation, normally the Security Council would reject out of hand any suggestion that an ex-empire should participate in such a mission, even if it had the most cogent available.

This reluctance, understandable as it is, has an important bearing on the question of preparing for the future. The UN force for long came to be regarded as a last resort, not a first choice for an author. Brigadier Harbottle argues that it is time to create such a peace force. The significance is to be found in the problems of the UN, the crises and the unacceptability of the UN contingents in particular. A few men, however, are qualified to assess such a proposal. The author has shown a ready flexibility, tact and imagination in making the psychological meaning as to the personal prejudices of the Irish diplomat in charge of the operation, who understandably held the view that "there must be no partition".

Why did Soviet policy change? Professor Whetten offers no simple solution. This is understandable. It is, however, disappointing that he does not face up to this vital question more directly, if only to pinpoint our ignorance. The tentative discussion of motives at different points in the book seems to indicate two main conclusions: first, that the UN aims to reduce its role by normalizing its relations with, arguably, the greatest European power after the United States; second, that the Soviet Union hopes to create a common front with West Germany in order to weaken the Western bloc.

Both policies have a common aim in their recognition of the West German power, the most convincing conclusion of the important book.

MORTON R. DAVIES and VAUGHAN A. LEWIS:
Models of Political Systems
182pp. Pail Mall, £2.10. Macmillan. Paperback, £1.25.

Political science has developed at a tremendous rate in the past two decades, particularly in the building of models of political systems, or "systems analysis" as its practitioners prefer to call it. Long gone is the time when students of politics could be fed on a diet of institutional description dressed up as comparative political analysis. At the same time, there are still many "traditionalists" who dispute the claims to science of the "modernists". Yet whether the traditionalists like it or not, there has been a vast increase in the amount of empirical data about politics and the development of increasingly sophisticated conceptual frameworks, often exciting if sometimes banal, which have presented the student of politics with a bewildering and increasing variety of explanatory theories.

What has long been needed is a book that provides a short, snappy introduction to the subject, to com-

plement Robert Dahl's *Modern Political Analysis*. Models of Political Systems is extremely timely and comes in that it provides an introduction to a large and complex subject. After outlining some of the contemporary approaches to the study of politics, the authors have set out their stated purpose of providing a basis from which students and teachers can go on to their own work. Unfortunately, the nature of the book, their explanation is often spoiled by an over-reliance on obscure language and a surprising number of digressions. A more important criticism is that they do not, by allusion, enter into the long and controversial history of just what is meant by "systems analysis". The authors are not to be blamed for this. The book is a good one, and it is a pity that it is not more widely read.

Deserted Village, or The Midnight Court, if one includes Irish. And twice during his lifetime he produced lyric poetry of a high order—in simple, sensuous memories like "Spraying the Potatoes" and in the sonnets written after his operation for lung cancer. In both periods, he was content to celebrate, not condemn; and one wishes that he had not felt obliged to launch into his wearing campaign against Irishness in poetry. There is a spiritual law that if you expend energy on an unworthy object, you end up resembling it, and reading Kavanagh's correspondence as edited by his brother in *Lapped Furrows* one wonders if he was not the greatest stage Irishman of all time. But some of the uncollected poems in the same editor's *November Haggard* remind us that this protective braggadocio sheltered a talent as lonely as John Clare's.

Once more to look at the cool water under the bridges. And he excelled to meet old acquaintances such as the Irish Baudelaire, the satirist whose principal target was the church-dominated Irish hierarchy. Here Clarke revives a medieval tradition, when goliardic clerics, mad as hell, harassed mother and when will someone publish a modern translation of that extraordinary work, or even revive Yeats's, which delighted Yeats himself. This intimate relationship between poetry and society has been revived in modern poetry, except in the Irish case. And, Bill, Clarke can raise blisters, but he can account for the wretchedness which he is still regarded by the Establishment.

Patrick Kavanagh's achievement is one thing, his influence another. During Yeats's centenary year, he announced that to be for poetry, you would have to be against Yeats, and the same would apply to himself now. To see him celebrated by Brendan Kennelly, the latest in our long line of professional Irishmen, is to see that what Kavanagh called "bucklepin" is a disease endemic in our literature. But Dr Kennelly is well able to take care of himself. A more permanently damaging aspect of the Kavanagh legend is that it cuts young poets off from any wider context. The New Writers Press has sought to counteract this by resurrecting the lost generation of the Irish 1930s, and it is true that writers like John Lyne Dunne and Charles Donnelly who died in Spain in 1937 have more interest than their Gaelicizing contemporaries.

The poet who might have extended our view of poetry was Denis Devlin, but his unwillingness to publish means that his work is still little known, and lacks a kind of primary readability. He was profoundly influenced by Spanish and French literature (even collaborating in a harebrained scheme to translate modern French poetry into Irish) and his sequence of longer poems, from "Lough Derg" through "The Colours of Love", is an analysis of Christian passion as demon-driven as Claudel. It would be wrong to restrict his view of the world even to the European traditions: one of his most beautiful poems is called "An'hor Vat".

No Western god or saint. Ever smiled with the lion's fury of this god. Who holds in doubt. The wooden stare of Apollo. Our Christian crown of thorns.

Although this poem is not listed in the contents of his *Collected Poems*, one feels that it, and others with the same cosmopolitan eloquence, will

Order in Donnybrook Fair

BY JOHN MONTAGUE

Deserted Village, or The Midnight Court, if one includes Irish. And twice during his lifetime he produced lyric poetry of a high order—in simple, sensuous memories like "Spraying the Potatoes" and in the sonnets written after his operation for lung cancer. In both periods, he was content to celebrate, not condemn; and one wishes that he had not felt obliged to launch into his wearing campaign against Irishness in poetry. There is a spiritual law that if you expend energy on an unworthy object, you end up resembling it, and reading Kavanagh's correspondence as edited by his brother in *Lapped Furrows* one wonders if he was not the greatest stage Irishman of all time. But some of the uncollected poems in the same editor's *November Haggard* remind us that this protective braggadocio sheltered a talent as lonely as John Clare's.

Once more to look at the cool water under the bridges. And he excelled to meet old acquaintances such as the Irish Baudelaire, the satirist whose principal target was the church-dominated Irish hierarchy. Here Clarke revives a medieval tradition, when goliardic clerics, mad as hell, harassed mother and when will someone publish a modern translation of that extraordinary work, or even revive Yeats's, which delighted Yeats himself. This intimate relationship between poetry and society has been revived in modern poetry, except in the Irish case. And, Bill, Clarke can raise blisters, but he can account for the wretchedness which he is still regarded by the Establishment.

Patrick Kavanagh's achievement is one thing, his influence another. During Yeats's centenary year, he announced that to be for poetry, you would have to be against Yeats, and the same would apply to himself now. To see him celebrated by Brendan Kennelly, the latest in our long line of professional Irishmen, is to see that what Kavanagh called "bucklepin" is a disease endemic in our literature. But Dr Kennelly is well able to take care of himself. A more permanently damaging aspect of the Kavanagh legend is that it cuts young poets off from any wider context. The New Writers Press has sought to counteract this by resurrecting the lost generation of the Irish 1930s, and it is true that writers like John Lyne Dunne and Charles Donnelly who died in Spain in 1937 have more interest than their Gaelicizing contemporaries.

The poet who might have extended our view of poetry was Denis Devlin, but his unwillingness to publish means that his work is still little known, and lacks a kind of primary readability. He was profoundly influenced by Spanish and French literature (even collaborating in a harebrained scheme to translate modern French poetry into Irish) and his sequence of longer poems, from "Lough Derg" through "The Colours of Love", is an analysis of Christian passion as demon-driven as Claudel. It would be wrong to restrict his view of the world even to the European traditions: one of his most beautiful poems is called "An'hor Vat".

No Western god or saint. Ever smiled with the lion's fury of this god. Who holds in doubt. The wooden stare of Apollo. Our Christian crown of thorns.

Although this poem is not listed in the contents of his *Collected Poems*, one feels that it, and others with the same cosmopolitan eloquence, will

influence the Irish poetry of the future. After the Irish mode of Clarke, and the comedy of Kavanagh, we have the gravity of Kinsella. His historical importance lies in his restoration of a sense of poetry as a craft. From the elegance of *Another September* to the sombre density of *Nightwalker*, his strenuous dedication makes a striking contrast with Kavanagh's jauntiness. One sometimes wishes he would let a poem run away from him, like the lovely "Chrystalides".

At night we watched in the barn, to the lurch of melon and music. The crunching basis of countenances—huge and weightless. As their shadows—twirling and leaping over the yellow concrete.

Sleeping too little or too much, we woke at noon. And were received with womanly mockery into the kitchen. Like calves poking our faces in with enormous hunger.

But that is a simple, preparatory statement compared to the complexity of Kinsella's analysis of married love in his *Wormwood* sequence and in "Phoenix Park". The opening of the latter is as beautifully textured as Spenser, whose preoccupation with mutuality he shares. But the hogbogs that intrude on Kinsella's "fluent" celebration of human love are not so much the native Irish as their ancestral pieties. His central symbol of the ordeal cup is uncomfortably like the chalice of our youth when we lay mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Kinsella's translation of *The Tain* makes him also a pioneer in Anglo-Irish poetry's repossession of its past.

The grave, detached music of *The Battle of Aughrim* shows Richard Murphy probing the relation between history and the self, as it presents itself to a Southern Protestant: a different aspect of the same preoccupation.

The painted warts of Cromwell. Flamed in a sullen gold. There was ice on the axe. When it hacked the king's head.

Savouring the huff and internal rhymes one wonders if even Murphy has fallen under the influence of a language he does not know, the language spoken near his home in Larchnagh.

The 1950s poets were the first generation since the Revival to have anything resembling normal literary careers. Kinsella and myself have already published three collections, Murphy and Pearse Hutchinson, two. This may seem a curious point to make but it suggests the anguish of fulfillment that broke so many Irish poets, caught between Ireland and the outside world. As well as restricting themselves, the advocates of an Irish mode may be responsible for the aloofness of Devlin and the silence of experimental writers like MacGreevy and Coffey. Having been born in America, and having spent many years there and in France, I see no reason to belong to any school, except that of good writing: a part of one's work, for personal and racial reasons, will always be deeply Irish, but the judgment on it can not be a national one. The success of the 1950s generation in achieving some reputation outside the country, in England and America, at least, made the task easier for the

next, which sprang from that forgotten and history-buried area, the North.

There has been some criticism in the Republic of the new Northern writers' tendency to look to London as their literary capital. This has at least kept them free from the kind of confusion that besets the Kavanagh idolaters, though it is true that the poems of Longley, Mahon, Heaney and Sinéad have an epigrammatic neatness which shows the influence of a disappearing British mode. But in other ways they are very different: Heaney is a naturally sensitive writer, very close to early Frost, while the others are more in the tradition of wit, as inherited from MacNeice. I do not share the usual view of Heaney; his work seems to me a ritual preparation as his lost rural childhood and the world in which he now lives begin to come together.

Already, in "The Tollund Man", the violence of the "old man-killing parishes" is seen as part of a whole Nordic ritual, and in another recent poem, a husband and wife lie listening to the sounds of gunfire: And all shifts drearily as you keen for off, turning from the din of gunshot, siren and clucking gans. Out there beyond each curtained terrace Where the fault is opening. The touch of your warmth heaving to the first move. Grows helpless in our old Gomerah. We petrify or uproot now.

Derek Mahon is an equally attractive writer, still pulling a relatively light load. His style is exhilarating, and he is not afraid to reach out towards Europe, in poems like "An Image from Beckett". But even at that distance he is haunted by working-class Belfast ("the poignancy of those backyards") and perhaps his most impressive poem so far is "Ecclesiastes", in which he ruefully confronts his Protestant background:

Yes, you could wear black, drink water, nourish a fierce zeal with locusts and wild honey, and not feel called upon to understand and forgive but only to speak with a bleak afflatus, and love the January rains darken the dark doors and sink hard into the Antrim hills, the bog meadows, the heaped graves of your fathers. . . .

What is striking in all the Northern poets, from Hewitt to Heaney, is how well they write—though I would

wish for a more experimental approach, especially if they are to confront the disintegration of their society. For Shelley, poetry was "the unfailing herald, companion and follower" of "the struggle for religious and civil liberty", and from Neruda to Selyers there is a whole tradition of political involvement in modern poetry. But this is a bee that has been buzzing in my bonnet for many a long day, and I will content myself by suggesting that the final judgment on the new Ulster Renaissance may well depend on their ability to learn a style from a despair: it is the last quarter of the twentieth century we are entering, not the Georgian first.

There is not such a clearly defined generation of young writers in the North, where established modes of literature still tend to smother talent. The romantic details deployed by Michael Hartnett—in his *Selected Poems*—night, woman, swan—remind me of early Kinsella; but he has an individual sense of rhythm, and an obvious dedication to the task of being an Irish poet. This includes some of the best translations of recent years, since scholars began to publish, instead of merely disputing, the texts.

He is my love my sweet naturove: A boy he is—for him a kiss.

Hartnett is published by the New Writers Press which, since Dolmen, constitutes the principal hope for a renewal of Irish poetry. Among their other young writers, Augustus Young has a spiky wit and the Dominican Paul Murray writes well of ritual. But one's general impression of the younger poets is of a competing multiplicity of styles, from which only a few names separate themselves, like Richard Ryan and Hugh Maxton in the South, and, above all, Paul Muldoon in the North. Not since the young Kinsella has such an elegant and intelligent talent emerged.

It should be more than clear by now that this is only one man's brief view of a particularly prickly subject. All the more so because Ireland is divided: that may seem to have nothing to do with literature, but it has emotional repercussions. Kinsella, for example, is not as widely read or recognized in the North, where John Hewitt discharges the duty of a local conscience so magnificently demonstrated by Austin Clarke in the South. Altogether, the level of recent Irish poetry seems to be about as high as Scottish poetry: if you compare Clarke and MacDiarmid, Kinsella and Crichton Smith, Heaney and George Mackay Brown, it would be hard to say which way the scales tipped. Our magazine, however, lag far behind *Literature, Arts and Scottish International*, which began as a handbook to revolution, has declined into a student magazine, and the latest version of *The Dublin Magazine* seems a blend of previous periodicals. Only *The Lure Current*, again edited by Michael Smith, of the New Writers Press, shows an awareness of poetry which is more than local. Our possibilities are wider than our poetry now suggests, but the country is changing as rapidly as it did fifty years ago, and the ferment should release creativity.

John Montague is a poet, and editor of the forthcoming Faber Book of Irish Verse.

MERCIER BESTSELLERS

THE COURSE OF IRISH HISTORY

T. W. Moody & F. X. Martin.

404pp. Illustrated. paperback £1.50

THE GREAT O'NEILL

Sean O'Faolain.

284pp. paperback £1.00

FOLKLORE OF THE ULSTER PEOPLE

Sheila St. Clair

93pp. paperback 50p

For further details and catalogue write to:

THE MERCIER PRESS

Dept. A

4 BRIDGE STREET, CORK, IRELAND

Erskine Childers

The Riddle of the Sands

'the best story of adventure published in the last quarter of a century' John Buchan
new edition £1.60

Margery Forester

Michael Collins—the lost leader

'a beautifully constructed biography' *Hibernia*
by 'a first-class historian' TLS illustrated £3.50

Sidgwick & Jackson

1 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London WC1

مكتبة الأص

The Fight

When I found the swallow's
Nest under the bridge—
Ankle deep in the bog stream,
Traffic drumming overhead—
I was so pleased, I ran
To fetch a school companion
To share the nude fragility
Of the shells, lightly freckled
With colour, in their cradle
Of feathers, twigs, earth.

It was still breast warm
Where I curved in my hand
To count them, one by one
Into his cold palm, a kind
Of trophy or offering. Turn-
ing my back, to scoop out
The last, I heard him run
Down the echoing hollow
Of the bridge. Splashing
After, I bent tangled in
Bull wire at the bridge's
Mouth, when I saw him take
And break them, one by one
Against a sunlit stone.

For minutes we fought
Standing and falling in
The river's brown spate.
And I would still fight,
Though now I can forgive;
To worship or destroy beauty—
That double edge of impulse
I recognise, by which we live:
But also the bitter paradox
Of betraying love to harm,
Then lunging, too late,
With fists, to its defence.

JOHN MONTAGU

Fodder

Or, as we said,
fodder, I open
my arms for it
again. But first

to draw from the tight
vice of a stack
the weathered eaves
of the stack itself,

falling at your feet,
last summer's tumbled
swatches of grass
and meadowweet

multiple as loaves
and fishes, a bundle
tossed over half-doors
or into mucky gaps.

These long nights
I would pull hay
for comfort, anything
to bed the stall.

SEAMUS HEANBY

SIX IRISH POETS

38 Phoenix Street

Look.
I was lifted up
past rotten bricks weeds
to look over the wall.
A mammy lifted up a baby on the other side.
Dusty smells. Cat. Flower bells
hanging down purple red.

Look.
The other. Looking.
My finger picked at a bit of dirt
on top of the wall and a quick
wiry redgolden thing
ran back down a little hole.

We knuck up on our chairs in the lamplight
and leaned on the brown plush, watching the gramophone.
The turning record shone and hissed
under the needle, lifefalling, lifefalling.
John McCormack chattered in his box.

Two little tongues of flame burned
in the lamp chimney, wavering
their tips. On the glassy belly
little drawnout images quivered.
Jimmy's mammy was drying the delph in the shadows.

Mister Cummins always hunched down
sad and still beside the stove,
with his face turned away toward the bars.
His mouth so calm, and always set so sadly.
A black robbery scar stuck on his white forehead.
Sealed in his sad cave. Hiss horror erecting
slowly out of its rock nests, nosing the air.
He was buried for three days under a hill of dead,
the faces congested down all round him
grinning *Dardanelles* in the dark.
They noticed him by a thread of blood
glistening among the black crusts on his forehead.
His heart gathered all its weakness, to beat.

A worm hanging down, its little round
black mouth open. Sad father.

I spent the night there once
in a strange room, tucked in against the wallpaper
on the other side of our own bedroom wall.

Up in a corner of the darkness the Sacred Heart
leaned down in his long clothes over a red oil lamp
with his women's black hair and his eyes lit up in red,
hurt and blaming. He held out the Heart
with his women's fingers, like a toy.

The wick, with a tiny head
of red fire, wriggled in its pool.
The shadows flickered: the Heart beat.

THOMAS KINSELLA

Ravenswood

The light shrank
back and Ravenswood
locked them in.

Armed to fight
men, their hearts stalled
where ravens dangled

dead. Doomed men
don't prize what's already
lost: they left the wood's

shelter, were found
and died, red iron
skirling in their throats.

* * *

Field, booty won,
the victors wiped their knives
and praised the plot

but who would
enter Ravenswood
to cut the ravens down?

RICHARD MURPHY

Kate Whiskey

I kept the whiskey in the caves
Well up in the hills. It was never safe
To have it about the houses,
Always crawling with excise and police.

The people could still get the stuff
As often as they liked, and easily enough,
For those were still the days
When making whiskey broke nobody's laws.

Selling it, though, was as grave
An offence as teaching those people to love,
Fathers and husbands and boys.

Water rushed through my caves with a noise
To tell me how I should always live.
I sold the water, the whiskey I would give.

PAUL MULDOON

Song for a Corncrake

Why weave rhetoric on your voice's loom
Shuttling at the bottom of my garden
In meadowweet and broom?
Crepuscular, archaic politician,
It's time to duck down,
Little bridegroom.

Why draft an epic on a myth of doom,
In staunchly nailed iambs
Launched nightly near my room?
Since all you need to say is *cres*,
Give us lyrics,
Little bridegroom.

Why go on chiselling mottoes for a tomb,
Counting on a scythe to spare
Your small defenceless home?
Quicken your tune, O improvise, before
The combine and the digger come,
Little bridegroom.

RICHARD MURPHY

The heirs of Saint Columba

PUBLISHING IN IRELAND

BY LIAM MILLER



Title-page of the first Book of Common Prayer printed in Dublin.

Rome and other places after the Protestant Reformation. Printing was introduced into Dublin by order of Queen Elizabeth I in 1550 and, about seventeen years later, the Queen's Printer ordered the cutting of the first fount of Irish type. As Sir James Ware recorded in his seventeenth-century *Antiquities of Ireland*:

This year [1571] the Irish characters were first brought into this Kingdom by Nicholas Walsh, Chancellor of Saint Patrick's in Dublin, and John Kerne, then Treasurer of the same; and it was ordered that the prayers of the Church should be printed in that language and should be printed in the chief town of every diocese, where they were to be read, and a sermon preached to convert many of the ignorant sort in those days.

This attempt to use the press to heal the breach with the Irish, which by then was religious as well as nationalistic and linguistic, led to retaliation from the Irish in exile. During the seventeenth century most Irish nationalist publishing came from European cities, and founts of Irish types were cut at Louvain, Rome and Paris. The English reply was the fount of Irish type commissioned from Edward Maxon and cut in London in 1680, which was used to print Bishop Bedell's noble translation of the Bible into Irish. This most important event in Irish-language publishing points to the confusions and divisions that have

in *The Quaker* (1730): "Whether there be any country in Christendom more capable of improvement than Ireland?" The Irish hope that the Catholic monarchy would be restored was reflected in the large number of Jacobite pieces offered by the Dublin publishers. Literary publishing consisted mainly of books which had first appeared from London houses. A small proportion of books from "Anglo-Irish" writers was issued, however, and the old Irish literature was still circulated in manuscript copies.

The Dublin University Press, established within the grounds of Trinity College in 1737, produced a series of classical authors excellently edited by Dr Hawkey, presented in a typographical style of great distinction. This concern for style was evident in the work of many Dublin printers and in the growth of several excellent bookbinders—a concern also shown in periodicals such as the *Dublin Evening Post*, which, in 1737, became one of the earliest papers to be printed in the new Caslon types.

After the 1800 Act of Union, which subjected Ireland to the direct rule of Westminster Parliament, Irish publishing entered a period of decline. The national cause had, however, begun to attract leaders from the Protestant as well as the Catholic community, and these leaders, such as Wolfe Tone, who was executed in 1798, could state their case in "Anglo-Irish" terms. The national cause attracted wide attention outside Ireland and aroused the ardour of such writers as Shelley, who came to Dublin in 1812, addressed a meeting organized by Daniel O'Connell and published two pamphlets in Dublin calling for a free Ireland.

Outside the cities, however, the picture painted by Padraic Colum in his poem, "A Poor Scholar of the 'Tories'", was probably a true rendering of the plight of a highly intellectual Gaelic people still dependent on oral transmission of much of their traditional literature:

Down here they have but tale and song.
They talk Repeal the whole night long.

As the century progressed, the failure of successive attempts to have the Act of Union repealed, either by Parliamentary procedure under the leadership of such figures as Parnell, or by military action, as advocated by revolutionary organizations such as the Fenian Brotherhood, led to a widening of the gap in the community. The Anglo-Irish writers tended more and more to seek publication from the London houses, as Dublin, in a matter of a few decades, had lost its status as the Empire's second city, and could no longer offer adequate opportunities, either social or commercial.

While the eighteenth-century Anglo-Irish writers—among them Goldsmith, Sheridan and Swift—who had enriched English literature were joined in the succeeding century by such figures as Wilde and Shaw, the national writers, working in Irish as well as English, were finding their way into print. *The Nation* newspaper, founded in 1842 as the organ of the Young Ireland movement, dedicated to the creation of a free Irish state, was the beginning of a growing tide of publishing, both in English and Irish of national and traditional material. Learned societies, and scholars like John O'Donovan and George Petrie, who sponsored the cutting of the finest type designed solely for printing in Irish, issued fine editions of the annals, the bardic poems and other works of old Irish literature which had survived in manuscript. The poets of the national movement such as Yeats, Mangan and Ferguson were the spiritual ancestors of those who, at the end of the century, were to create the Irish Renaissance. The inheritors of Duffy and Gill, which still figure among our publishers today, indicate a resurgence of Irish publishing that did not, however, always find favour with a Catholic hierarchy which, since the passing of the Act of

Crosscurrents Modern Critiques Edited by Harry T. Moore

FROM TENSION TO TONIC
The Plays of Edward Albee
By Anne Paolucci. An important contribution to the small but expanding body of critical interpretation of Albee's work.

THE EXISTENTIALISM
OF ALBERTO MORAVIA
By Joan Ross and Donald Freed. Explores influence of Kierkegaard, Sartre, Camus, and Martin Buber on Moravia's work.

ACCELERATED GRIMACE
Expressionism in the
American Drama of
the 1920s

By Mardi Valgmae. Traces the "new movement" of expressionism in American theatre of the period.

H. C. WELLS
Author in Agony
By Alfred Bonello. Provides a reassessment of Wells as a major novelist.

CONTINUANCE AND
CHANGE
The Contemporary British
Novel Sequence

By Robert K. Morris. Writers whose works are discussed are Doris Lessing, Olivia Manning, Lawrence Durrell, Anthony Burgess, C. P. Snow, and Anthony Powell.

HENRIK IBSEN
The Divided Consciousness
By Charles R. Lyons. A new reading of the plays and an explication of Ibsen's symbolism.

New Titles — all U.S. \$5.95
UK £2.79

Stocked in the Feller & Simmons
warehouse in Westport, Netherlands,
and available in the United Kingdom
and Ireland through
TABS
51 Weymouth St., London W1N, 3LE

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Carbondale and Edwardsville
Feller & Simmons, Inc.
London and Amsterdam

THE ROMAN ARMY

An illustrated wall
chart in colour of
the Roman Army
including the
principal events
in the history of
Army and Empire:
50p + 10p
Packing & Dispatch.

The Publications Dept.,
The Times,
Printing House Square
London EC4P 4DE

Emancipation in 1829 had tended to become a conservative body allied to the Establishment.

This alignment continued until recent times to influence the course of Irish publishing, particularly after the founding of the Irish Free State in 1921, when the conservatism of the church leaders, both Catholic and Protestant, and of the Government, influenced the setting-up in 1929 of a censorship authority that represented a real threat to the creative writer in Ireland. Books could be prohibited because of single passages or occasional text references, and there was no machinery of appeal against the Board's decisions. Liberal agitation came to a head in 1945 when Frank O'Connor's translation of the eighteenth-century Irish classic *The Midnight Court*, published by a Dublin house, was banned, and the pressure of public opinion led to the establishment, in 1946, of an Appeal Board permitting the publisher of a banned book to question the decision of the censors. The 1947 Amending Act, which, in addition to prescribing much more liberal terms of reference in respect of literary works, limited the term of a Prohibition Order to twelve years, has gone a long way towards righting the situation. The Censorship Board and the Appeal Board are both presided over today by eminent judges of the Irish Courts.

W. B. Yeats retired from the Irish Senate in 1928, just before the debate on the Censorship Bill, which he abhorred and explicitly condemned in his writings. In the early days of the Irish Renaissance, the movement that brought both streams of Irish culture together in the 1890s, he had seen that Ireland's salvation as a national entity depended to an extent on the alignment of its writers, and, too, that any sense of national identity must be backed by an Irish publishing industry of international quality. He edited several anthologies, both in prose and verse, for London publishers in the 1880s and

1890s, and contributed a series of articles on Irish National Literature to the *Bookman* in 1895 in which he forecast the coming revolution. In 1903, he encouraged his sister Elizabeth to found a private press in Dublin. The *Dun Emer Press*, later called the *Cuala Press*, was, in its editorial content, very different from most of the English presses; its policy was not to issue plush editions of established texts but to print and publish in Dublin the new literature of Ireland—the poetry and prose that was to influence the resurgence of the nationalistic spirit.

One immediate result of the new atmosphere in Ireland was the founding, in 1905, of a Dublin publishing house of international quality, Maunsell & Co., which later became the firm of Maunsell and Roberts when its manager, George Roberts, took on a partner, Robert, a fiery Northern Irishman, almost succeeded in publishing James Joyce in Dublin and was satirically immortalized by Joyce in "Gas from a Burner" (1912), a poem which indicates the excellence of Maunsell's authors—George Moore, Yeats, Shaw, Synge, Lady Gregory, Padraic Colum and Austin Clarke among those writing in English, as well as several of the best Gaelic writers of the time.

The writers of the Rising

The first twenty years of this century saw a growing publishing industry in Dublin. The Easter Rising of 1916 itself was led by poets, and their works, as well as earlier nationalist writings, went into many editions. The writers were so influential in the revolutionary movement in Ireland that Yeats, nearing the end of his life, could write: "Did that play of mine send out/Certain men the English shot?" Pearse, Connolly and the other leaders of the Rising influenced the thinking of a whole generation.

After the partial winning of the "Patriot Game", the establishment of the Irish Free State by the Anglo-Irish treaty in 1921, publishing in Ireland entered a period of decline caused by the changing circumstances of the English-speaking world to which the Irish publisher had to look for his major markets. The 1930s and 1940s were periods during which more and more writers sought publication through external outlets, despite their Irish nationalist outlook. The names of O'Casey, O'Connor, O'Donnell, O'Faolain and O'Flaherty all graced London lists, while, in Ireland, little presses like the *Cuala* and the *Three Candles* continued to publish literary work. A distinguished journal, *The Dublin Magazine*, founded by Seamus O'Sullivan in 1923, provided an outlet for many writers and continued publication for more than forty years. The editor also published several series of booklets under the imprints of the Tower Press and the Orwell Press.

Yeats founded the Irish Academy of Letters in 1932, and, in an attempt to stem the tide of exile publishing, set up awards for Irish publishing and for books in Irish during a period when publishing in Irish had virtually become a government monopoly. Writing in Irish had by the 1930s achieved a significance outside Ireland reflected by the appearance of such works as *Twenty Years a Growing* by Maurice O'Sullivan and *The Islandman* by Thomas O'Crohan.

The policy of the Dolmen Press, founded in 1951, to publish the works of Irish writers, as well as works of Irish interest by writers from other countries, was tempered by a realization that for the Irish publisher in English the main market must be an

export one. This press has since several active publishing houses in Dublin. The success of Thomas S. Augustin's collection of poems, *September*, as *Autumn* (Cuala Press), proved that publishing in Ireland need not inhibit the writer's access to an international market. A growing number of the best Irish writers have been published by small presses, such as the *Smalls Press*, founded by E. Smith in 1967, continue to publish in Dublin, Cork, and other parts of Ireland, besides the several lists, successful paperback publishers, which are creating an ever-growing market. Poetry reading with a lively interest in creating where many broadside and ballads provide an outlet for the poets.

Rise of the small presses

The 1940s were characterized by the isolation caused by the war. The virtual closing of the export market caused Irish publishers to develop their small home market, and some new small publishers emerged, notably Maurice Friberg in Dublin, and a number of presses, such as the *Mourne Press* in Ulster. *The Bell*, a periodical founded in Dublin by Peadar O'Donnell, rapidly became an influential vehicle for new as well as established writers, and, in Cork, David Marcus founded two important magazines, *Irish Writing* and *Poetry Ireland*. The publication of *The Great Hunger*, Patrick Kavanagh's long poem, from the *Cuala Press* in 1942, was, in many ways, the most significant Irish literary event of the 1940s and the first real manifestation of a new generation of Irish poets, free of the shadow of Yeats, Kavanagh's work continues to influence the younger poets today, many of whom seek publishing outlets in Ireland.

The policy of the Dolmen Press, founded in 1951, to publish the works of Irish writers, as well as works of Irish interest by writers from other countries, was tempered by a realization that for the Irish publisher in English the main market must be an

export one. This press has since several active publishing houses in Dublin. The success of Thomas S. Augustin's collection of poems, *September*, as *Autumn* (Cuala Press), proved that publishing in Ireland need not inhibit the writer's access to an international market. A growing number of the best Irish writers have been published by small presses, such as the *Smalls Press*, founded by E. Smith in 1967, continue to publish in Dublin, Cork, and other parts of Ireland, besides the several lists, successful paperback publishers, which are creating an ever-growing market. Poetry reading with a lively interest in creating where many broadside and ballads provide an outlet for the poets.

Since the formation two years ago of CLE, the Irish Book Club Association, the Irish publisher has a representative body who have the assistance of the Irish Board, which has had two trade fairs of Irish books in New York in 1971, mounted an Irish Book Fair in London, and a book fair in Dublin in 1972. The International Book Year of the Association has been a celebration in Dublin of the Irish book production with associated exhibitions of poetry, Irish and foreign translations and book Celtic publishers outside Ireland in which many, Scott and Breton publishers were sent. The Association has a cumulative list of Irish books activity twice a year, and the issue has lists both in English and Irish from sixteen publishers, publishing books confidently to the expansion of its market in 1970s.

Liam Miller, author, designer, publisher, is founder of the B. Press.

Books received

Religion

ROBERT ROY (Editor). *The Nationalist's Companion*. 399pp. Methuen, £3.

Christian has edited an anthology by his brother Garth beginning his death in 1968. Illustrated by the Bewick school, it includes a variety of varying lengths of books and magazines mostly since 1945, as well as a collection of verse dating from the "Description of Spring" to Thomas. The prose, chosen for its well-known writers as Scott, Ernest Neal and Robert Burns, as well as from others with an appreciation of living things, is a collection of living things, incidents. Scenes from the sea, sky and mountain top, and on individuals and the need of nature make this a delightful book.

Since the formation two years ago of CLE, the Irish Book Club Association, the Irish publisher has a representative body who have the assistance of the Irish Board, which has had two trade fairs of Irish books in New York in 1971, mounted an Irish Book Fair in London, and a book fair in Dublin in 1972. The International Book Year of the Association has been a celebration in Dublin of the Irish book production with associated exhibitions of poetry, Irish and foreign translations and book Celtic publishers outside Ireland in which many, Scott and Breton publishers were sent. The Association has a cumulative list of Irish books activity twice a year, and the issue has lists both in English and Irish from sixteen publishers, publishing books confidently to the expansion of its market in 1970s.

Since the formation two years ago of CLE, the Irish Book Club Association, the Irish publisher has a representative body who have the assistance of the Irish Board, which has had two trade fairs of Irish books in New York in 1971, mounted an Irish Book Fair in London, and a book fair in Dublin in 1972. The International Book Year of the Association has been a celebration in Dublin of the Irish book production with associated exhibitions of poetry, Irish and foreign translations and book Celtic publishers outside Ireland in which many, Scott and Breton publishers were sent. The Association has a cumulative list of Irish books activity twice a year, and the issue has lists both in English and Irish from sixteen publishers, publishing books confidently to the expansion of its market in 1970s.

Liam Miller, author, designer, publisher, is founder of the B. Press.

Birkenhead in *Illustrations Friends*. But lovers of Rusk and of the Coniston district will be grateful to be reminded of the recent operations carried out by the late L. Howard Whitehouse who bought the property in 1932 and restored to the house many Rusk treasures which had been dispersed. It is now in active use by the Education Trust and devotedly served by James S. Dearden Curator of the Rusk Collections both at Brantwood and at Bembridge School. The illustrations by K. G. Thorne, some line and some sepia and wash, are a little flat as is the general presentation which might have been more distinguished in a limited edition. The Art Nouveau lettering of the title is incongruous and the runic memorial cross designed by W. G. Collingwood would have been better forgotten; its rampant symbolism (from the Alps to a seven-branched candlestick), like canting heraldry fails to charm.

Education

MURPHY, JAMES. *The Education Act 1870. Text and Commentary*. 128pp. Newton Abbott: David and Charles. £2.25.

James Murphy makes clear exactly what the 1870 Education Act did and did not do. By putting it in its political and social context, by pointing out what its begetters intended and how it was in fact interpreted, he has made an interesting contribution to the history of education. This is the kind of scholarly but compassable work which should be welcomed by those devising the syllabuses of trainee teachers.

History

HEAD, CONSTANCE. *Justinian II of Byzantium*. 181pp. University of Wisconsin Press (AUPG). £4.75.

We probably know less about Justinian II than almost any of the Byzantine Emperors—only two later chroniclers deal with his reign, basing themselves on earlier works now lost and writing with all the prejudice of the iconoclast age against an Emperor who was known to favour the icons. Constance Head, in the first monograph to be devoted to Justinian, seeks to read between the lines of these unfavourable records and stresses the more constructive and beneficial aspects of Justinian's first reign, when he was an enthusiastic over-zealous young man, noting his work as a colonizer, as the liberator of Salonica from the Slavs, as a considerable builder and as one whose Arab policy was not wholly unsuccessful. After a lively account of his exile, his love match with a Khazar princess and his return to Constantinople in alliance with the Bulgars Tervel, Professor Head deals with his second, admittedly less successful reign. Nevertheless she shows that the chroniclers tended to exaggerate his desire to revenge his exile, particularly with regard to the attacks on Ravenna and Cherson. Not everyone will necessarily agree with Professor Head's arguments, but they all elucidate a little-known phase of history.

The Second World War. A Guide to Documents in the Public Record Office. 303pp. HMSO. Paperback, £2.90.

Under the thirty-year rule the general release of documents in the Public Record Office concerning the Second World War became due early this year. A guide to their extent and contents has therefore been prepared by I. Bell, who classifies the collections under the various Departments, gives the number of documents each contains, and introduces each group with some explanatory comment.

YOUNG, JOYCE. *The Dissolution of the Monasteries*. 264pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.50 (paperback, £1.95).

This book is one of a series providing a selection of original documents covering a single topic, introduced by a scholarly survey and notes. In this case the subject, self-contained and manageable, with varied and vivid contemporary records, suits the scheme perfectly, and Joyce Young provides an historical survey which will be compulsory reading for all interested in the subject. Remaining within the framework of the generally accepted outline of the events, she

adds considerable precision about the timing, technique and motivation of the process of dissolution, and also the overall direction by Cromwell. In this she sees a clear-headed, ruthless opportunism, rather than a carefully prepared or ideological plan of campaign. Cromwell was content to see only one step ahead, to be taken swiftly and firmly. Altogether this book is a model of unassuming but careful scholarship, gracefully presented.

Natural History

BURROWS, ROGER. *The Naturalist in Devon and Cornwall*. 303pp. Newton Abbott: David and Charles. £3.50.

The introduction is written from a field study centre in Cornwall and, as might be inferred, this book is not so much for the casual holidaymaker who wants to identify a bird or flower as for the serious naturalist, whether resident in or visiting the south-west. In fact, Roger Burrows appeals to visiting naturalists for further information in all branches of the subject, as little has recently been published. His book deals with the region's differing environments—woodland, moorland, seashore, cliff and estuary—and the animals, birds and plant life for which each provides a habitat. Much additional information is given in the appendixes, which include lists of birds and migration periods, and of regional plant species.

MARTIN, W. KIRK. *Sketches for the Flora*. 208pp. including 91 plates. Michael Joseph. £3.

Keith Martin's successful *Concise British Flora in Colour* (1965) was followed by his autobiography *Over the Hills*, revealing a parish priest with a passion for plants which he collected assiduously and recorded in line and colour. He continued his botanical interests until his death in 1969 and this volume of selected original line-drawings with notes in the author's own hand, recording the origin of specimens and other details, completes the trilogy. Some of the drawings are sketches, others are meticulously finished, some have been redrawn to fit a page of the *Flora*, sometimes important details are enlarged. In a foreword, Wilfred Blunt suggests that as the paper will take watercolour the owner may like to "follow the example of an earlier age by painting in a flower when he finds it". That would surely need both skill and courage but comparison with the illustrations in the *Concise Flora* would be very instructive; Professor Cudwell has added an introduction.

Occult

WEDICK, HARRY E. with BASKIN, WADDE. *Dictionary of Spiritualism*. 390pp. Peter Owen. £3.50.

This would be better described as an encyclopaedia of vaguely occultist "ideas". The compilers have culled terms drawn from various sources, notably astrology, demonology, Kabbalah, "mysticism" and theosophy. These, sorted into alphabetical order, have been interspersed with entries such as "Lobsters—in Japanese thought the lobster symbolizes longevity"; "Mu—the Lemurian epoch, an early period in the cosmic scheme . . ."; and "Mau the ancient Egyptian term for the cat . . . means 'The Ser'". There are also brief biographical notes on a variety of people, including Marie Corelli, Blake, Sir James Fraser, and St Albert the Great, blandly accredited with the production of "an automaton in human shape . . . endowed with speech".

Psychology

BENNETT, DAPHNE NICHOLSON. *Parents Should Be Heard*. 256pp. Hutchinson. £2.60.

The author of this psychological handbook about parents as people with problems of their own runs group-therapy sessions for parents in the United States. The thesis of her work is that only by recognizing and coming to terms with their own natures can parents learn to satisfy their children's needs. She gives verbatim reports of many

group-therapy sessions, including the therapist's decision, non-judging comments. The adults recorded sort themselves out in no uncertain terms, and there is an interesting chapter towards the end of the book on similar methods of play therapy with difficult children.

Religion

KARLHEID, GERT VON DERHEIM. *The Way of Transformation*. Daily Life as a Spiritual Exercise. Translated by Ruth Lewinok and P. L. Travers. 104pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.50 (paperback, £1.50).

This expensive little book is by a German psychologist and philosopher (formerly at Kiel) who has studied Japanese Zen Buddhism and Yoga and for some twenty years has directed a centre for psychotherapy through meditation. It will interest those who are concerned with developing methods of prayer which differ from the usual Western Christian techniques. Its approach combines theoretical study (not unlike that given in F. C. Hoppold's recent popular paperback) with practical suggestions on ways to put "meditation to work"—so that "he who has woken to Essential Being . . . may manifest the Divine in the midst of the world in all his striving, all his creativity, and all his love". This is among the more useful, because more simple, presentations of Eastern mysticism for Western readers.

RYMER, JOSEPH, and BULLEN, ANTHONY. *Companion to the Good News*. 358pp. Fontana. Paperback, 25p.

A useful little paperback, giving background summaries, word-studies, and other information for those who have bought and read the recent translation of the New Testament called *Good News for Modern Man*. A somewhat conservative but valuable guide which should help many readers.

Science

RIACHIKOV, EVGENY. *Russians in Space*. Edited by Nikolai P. Kamanin. Translated by Guy Daniels. 300pp plus 46 plates. Widenfeld and Nicolson. £3.50.

The author of this book on Russian space travel is described as a leading journalist and television commentator, and the reader must not be surprised to find that every manly heart swells with pride and every woman's eyes are bright with unshed tears. There is little technical detail, and the work is mainly concerned with the life-stories of the rocket designers and the astronauts and their families. Clearly intended for home consumption, the book is aptly named, since only Russian work is considered. The translation into English is well done, and there are nearly fifty photographs, mainly of Russian astronauts and technicians. Apart from the human interest, there is little in this book that has not been published elsewhere.

Social History

HALDANE, A. R. B. *Three Centuries of Scottish Posts*. An Historical Survey to 1836. 336pp plus 22 plates. Edinburgh University Press. £3.75.

There is only one fault to find with this enormously thorough and scholarly work: its title is slightly misleading. "Posts in North Britain from 1711 to 1836" would have been more exact. The material for pre-Union postal history in Scotland is meagre, as was the post itself in his first chapter, without that deep study of manuscript sources which marks his treatment of the later period. The Post Office Act of 1711 turned Scottish posts into a mere department of the British Post Office; they were run from London, with increasingly little delegation, as costs were squeezed and rules raised in order to increase revenue.

Dr Haldane's chosen period makes a well-defined epoch, which he covers with clarity and in the greatest detail. It should be a standard book: no one need ever go into such detail again. It is very handsomely produced, with well-chosen illustrations

and with reproductions in two colours of postal maps of 1813 and 1838 tucked into a back pocket. Remarkable value for money.

Transport

RILEY, R. C. *The West Country*. 112pp. Newton Abbott: David and Charles. £2.95.

By skilful use of pictures and text the author recreates the battle for the counties of Devon, Somerset, Dorset and Cornwall, fought by the Great Western and London and South Western railways. There are enough shots of locomotives, carriages, Brunel's broad-gauge track, bridges, railway buses and steamers to satisfy the transport lobby but the less involved will take great pleasure in the incidents of railway photography: boys in starched collars, men in bilcock hats, glorious scenery, the milk churns of yesterday and a station horse taking his place in a group of county railwaymen.

TUPPIN, W. A. *Great Western Saints and Sinners*. 200pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.

W. A. Tuppin, astringent, witty and undazzled by reputations, fixes an engineer's eye on the locomotives of the old Great Western Railway more particularly on the origins and development of Churchward's Saint class, which were always good and sometimes brilliant in performance, and which profoundly influenced the design of other British general purpose locomotives, notably the "Black Fives" of the LMS.

Specialist Booksellers' Announcements

COMPENDIUM BOOKSHOP
240 Camden High Street, London NW1

A bookshop where you can find all Cambridge University Press titles in print

A Bookshop where you are sure to find something of interest. Lists and catalogues issued.

Libraries purchase
The Castle Bookshop
(A. B. Doncaster)
37 North Hill, Colchester, Essex
Tel. 0206 77820
Closed all day Thursday

A. R. LUTATH
Antiquarian Bookeller
15 Radcliffe Road, Doughty, Bristol
BOOKS OF THE 16th to 18th CENTURIES and rare and/or interesting books of the 19th century are the theme of our regular catalogue. Your inclusion on our mailing list is welcomed.
LIBRARIES PURCHASED
Distance no obstacle

English and American literature in translations (1) and in unusual editions.
Catalogues free on request
Antiquariat Fritz Knof
Jon Luykenstraat 52
Amsterdam—Netherlands

RARE BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS
On political economy, social and industrial history and 19th century education bought and sold. Catalogues issued.
JOHN DRURY
11 East Stockwell Street,
Colchester, Essex, CO1 1SR

COVENT GARDEN BOOKSHOP
80 Long Acre, London WC2E 9NG
Tel. 01-240 2161, 01-838 8888
The largest stock of Modern English and American Literature and Modern First Editions in Great Britain.
Monthly Catalogues free on request.
Catalogue 45 now ready

R. J. GOULDEN
11 Outfile Street, London, S.W.3
Par East, bindings, science literature, history, and 17th to 18th century pamphlets
Catalogues available

JOHN H. JENKINS
Rare Books and Manuscripts in literature and history. Very large stock, at all times. Write for free catalogue.
Box 2085
Austin, Texas 78767

Booksellers specializing in Irish writing

E. C. NOLAN
THE CHANCERY LANE BOOKSHOP
6 Chancery Lane, Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1NG. Tel. 01-405 0635.
Catalogue No. 24.
IRISH HISTORY & LITERATURE
now ready.

BOOKS BY IRISH AUTHORS, and Biographical and Critical works.
We keep the largest stock of First Editions and scholarly texts.
Catalogues free on request.
HODGES FICIS & Co. Ltd.
6 Dawson St., Dublin 2, Ireland

KENNY'S BOOKSHOPS & ART GALLERIES
GALWAY
Antiquarian and Secondhand Books, Maps and Prints. Original paintings by Contemporary Irish Artists.
CATALOGUES ON REQUEST

JAMES O'D. FENNING II
Interesting & Rare Books to 1850
Catalogue 10 now available
Osborne House, Seapoint Avenue
Seapoint, County Dublin
Ireland

C. P. Hyland
82 Ranelagh, Dublin 6
Monthly Irish Catalogues and short lists of other subjects issued. Irish books bought in single volumes and Libraries.

BOOKS RELATING TO IRELAND
Antiquarian and Modern
A comprehensive service
Over 10,000 titles in stock.
CATALOGUES ISSUED AND BOOKS PURCHASED
Emerald Isle Books
539 Antrim Road, Belfast BT15 3BU

SPECIAL OFFER:
Coffee House of Ulster, 4 vols. £10
Phillips, Londonderry, and the London Companies, £4.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS about IRELAND
THE BELL GALLERY
3 & 4 Alfred Street
BELFAST BT2 8EA

IRISH PAMPHLETS WANTED
18th & 19th Century pamphlets on Politics and Religion required in any quantity.
GUERNSEY BOOKS
Norman House, South Esplanade,
St. Peter Port, Guernsey,
Channel Islands.

IRISH PAMPHLETS
We welcome enquiries from Librarians, Collectors and Booksellers wishing to receive our periodic lists of Irish and other pamphlets printed before 1900.
MERRISON BOOK CO.
32 GREAT PERCY STREET
LONDON W.C.1, ENGLAND

DAT. 82 in preparation; Modern First editions, including: IRISH section: Social & Economic History, Music, etc.
Similar lists issued monthly.
MRS. E. WHITSON
68, Belmont Avenue, Cuckfield, Hants.

Largest group of bookshops in Dublin

FRED HANNA LTD.
28-29 NASSAU ST. DUBLIN, 2.

THE DUBLIN BOOKSHOP
32 BACHELOR'S WALK, DUBLIN, 1.

GEORGE WEBB
5-6 CRAMPTON QUAY, DUBLIN, 2

New and Secondhand Books of Irish Interest
Antiquarian Maps and Prints
Libraries Purchased

WANTED
Books of Irish Interest

كتاب في الأصل

